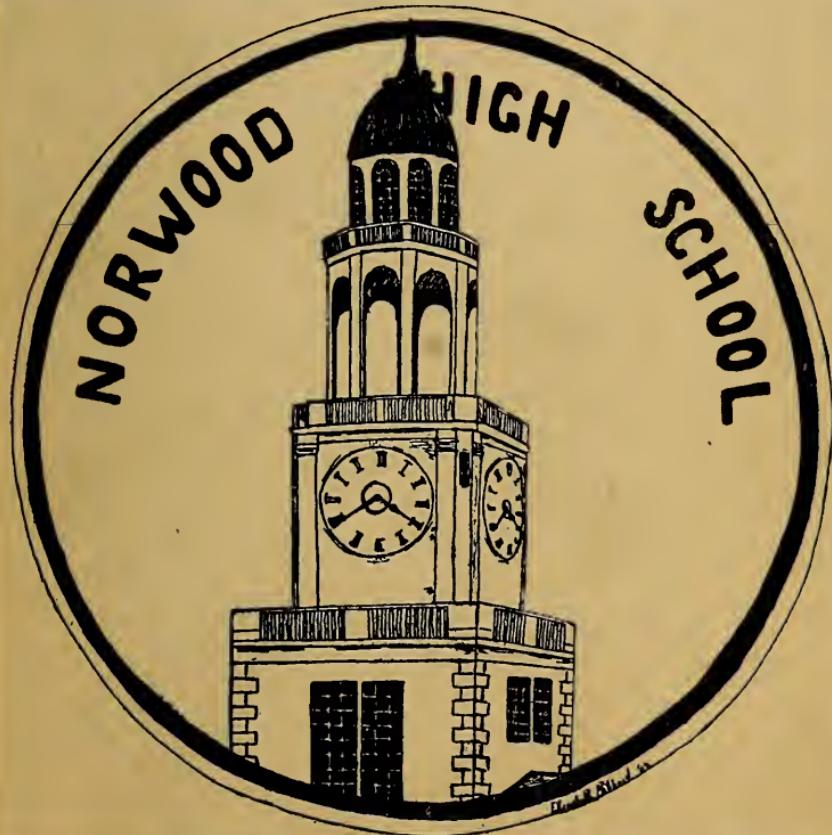


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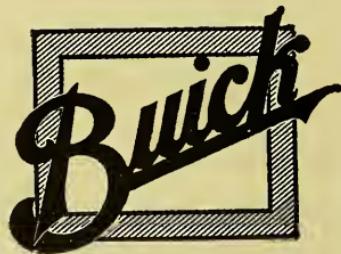
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VOL. 11

NOVEMBER, 1930

NO. 1

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Confidential

Not speaking from man to man, but as woman to woman, for they are given to confidential chats—whether they be across a fence or from back porch to back porch—I want to tell you something. It isn't exactly gossip (although that would probably have more effect); it's the usual appeal for cooperation. One generally comes across an essay or editorial on such, in the year's first issue of any publication. It just seems to be the thing to do. No doubt a magazine would be unfavorably criticized should one fail to see at a glance that proverbial editorial. Therefore it is best that I speak of cooperation. And in doing so I'm going to come right out and ask you for it. I won't

conceal the intention. You've read these cleverly constructed essays in which the writer urges you for your support so subtly that you don't realize he is taking advantage of you. You've seen a persistent salesman shove his foot inside the door of his victim's home. It's the same principle—deception. If I were a salesman I suppose I would modestly inquire if my prospective buyer wanted the goods or not, and let it go at that. But being the writer (!) either my conscience is keeping me from writing such an essay, or I don't possess the ability. At any rate I admit we want your cooperation. May we have it?

The Editor.

Mr. R. B. V. R.

Mr. Hugh Gates said, "Damn it." He said it twice and added an "all" the second time. There was no kick to this newspaper business. This was the second time in one week that he had been assigned to the task of getting a line on an ultra-modern young dame, one of the four hundred—don't—cha—know; and the affection of those who were so blessed

with having their names in the category of the elite was certainly trying, to the very commonplace Mr. Gates.

Had he not the presence of mind and the agility to grasp the windowcasing he would have been thrown violently against a young lady who sat next him—for elevated trains take curious whims which often result in pulverized toes and various

other unpleasant things. However, that young lady was not as prepared as Mr. Gates and a moment later arrived in force. He grunted and took no notice but kept looking stolidly into space, evil thoughts of society still rankling in his mind. But a silvery "Pardon me" brought him from his unpleasant ethereal mind-wandering with a start. He gazed with a blank expression in the direction whence had come the apology and he looked into a pair of gray eyes, pretty gray eyes, yes, beautiful gray eyes that twinkled at the vacuous expression registered on his face.

"I said pardon me," she explained.

"Oh—ah—yes, yes, that is no. I mean's nothing at all. I'm used to it."

"You're accustomed to the 'El'?" she inquired.

"Y-e-e-e-s, I should say so. I work on the 'Times.' Always travel this way."

"I'm using the 'EL' perforce. You see," said she extending two black and greasy but nevertheless lovely little hands, "the car broke down and I just had to fool around, get in the garageman's way, and get nice and dirty. He said I couldn't have it till this evening so it was the 'Toonerville' for me."

Mr. Gates, noticing the room for improvement (the foot or so of unoccupied seat which was between them) edged closer and explained the nauseating task of writing up a "deebutter"—on which business he was bound.

"Name's Van Rensselaer," said he. "Father's a big shot—ex-editor of the Knickerbocker Digest, millionaire head of a big paper syndicate, philanthropist, etc. And they say he's the devil to interview."

She listened attentively and one might have noticed that it was with difficulty that she restrained herself from laughing.

With a "well," they both rose simul-

taneously as with a bouncing and banging the car came to a stop. They looked at each other. She laughed a mischievous laugh and they disembarked together.

"Le's see now," he said. "I want 'Seventeen Longwood Avenue'."

"I'll show you," she volunteered. "I'm acquainted in that neighborhood."

After a short walk they reached the Van Rensselaer estate—beautiful and spacious. Without hesitation she led him to the door which was opened by a portly, florid-faced man in butler's livery who said, "Good awfternoon, Miss Ruth."

"Hello Styles," she said, and, seeing an elderly gentleman entering the hallway she rushed precipitously into his arms. And then, laughing, she stepped pompously forward and said in somber tones, "Mr. Gates, permit me to introduce my father, Mr. R. B. Van Rensselaer. Dad," said she taking him by the arm, "Mr. Gates is getting a write-up on my 'deebutt' for the 'Times,' and dad," she whispered, "he doesn't like working for the 'Times'."

Ruth had left as precipitously as she had entered and now the mighty Van Rensselaer eyed him from head to foot. Gates, of the "Times" would have trembled before the eye of awful Van Rensselaer had he not been in a daze. Light had broken upon him and he was still mentally in the mist that accompanies the dawn.

"Step in here, young man," said Mr. R. B. V. R.

He stepped. Exactly twenty-seven minutes later he stepped out—walking among the clouds. A button on his vest snapped under extraordinary tension. He stood straighter and his head was held a little higher. Behold, now, the newly appointed social editor of the Knickerbocker Digest whose duty it would be to give out such

distasteful assignments as he himself had had today. His searching gaze as he headed for the door was in vain. No Ruth in sight.

However, as the butler handed him his hat and "Van Rensselaer the Fearful" bid him good-day, a mirthful voice whose owner appeared descending the stairs said, "Oh Mr. Gates."

"Oh Miss Van Rensselaer," he mocked, laughing.

"You know I left the car at the Central Motor Mart and I may need it around eight this evening. I was just wondering—"

"I'm sure we'll need it," he replied with emphasis. "I'll see you at eight," and he left determined to make his last write-up for the "Times" his best.

Everett Wilson, '31.

Ars Poetica

Jim Cunningham was a chair-warmer who had ideals. Underneath his two-dollar silk undershirt beat a heart inspired by lofty dreams. Didn't he read poetry? Hadn't he just finished a reading, however superficial, of "An Anthology of Victorian Poetry?" Lying in a hammock on the veranda of the Hotel "Trappin-by-the-Sea," he lighted a Spud, and dreamily gazed out on the dying day. Now and then he coined similes about the sunset and the sea.

"The day is dead," he murmured, "and the sunset is the earth's blood, splashed o'er the placid sky."

He was aroused from his poetic somnolency by a hoydenish giggle. Blushing, he quickly looked up. A sixteen year old athlete and man-of-the world, to be caught quoting poetry! It was that pest sister of his, Sally.

"Oh, Mister Keats, you simply thrill me," she whooped.

"Getaway, imp, you grate upon my sensibilities," he hissed. He knew well that this vixen would tell all of his penchant for reading poetry.

"Oh well, who cares, doing that is no crime," he reflected, with false confidence.

He pulled himself from his comfortable position and sat upright.

"Must go to bed early tonight if I wanna finish that race tomorrow," he said to the toe of his shoe.

Down the road he could see his sister talking to "that big beef-eater, Bill Blaine." Bill was just about the best swimmer at the resort, and was expected to win the two hundred and twenty yard free-style race tomorrow—the same one in which Jim was entered. Seeing him rise, they waved and laughed.

Jim turned and entered the house, saying, "That provincial gripes me, he has no taste for the finer things of life."

* * * * *

Next day was not the approved type for swimming. A brisk wind was blowing, exhorting "the ambitious sea to mingle with the clouds." The sea is old, however, and soon it tired of its efforts. By ten o'clock, the time for the race, it had subsided sufficiently for the race to be held.

But one race holds our attention, that in which Jim is to swim. Fate and the race committee have decreed that but two shall swim in the "220 yd. free-style" our Jim and the "provincial," Bill Blaine.

As our hero, brave in a new scarlet swimming suit, steps to the edge of the

float, a fan-fare of trumpets, blown on a French horn, greets him.

"C'mon Tennyson, deliver an ode."

"Byron was a swimmer, show us how he did it."

Death, where is thy sting! Remorse pierced Jim's heart with its iey dagger. The overture of cheers continued.

"I'll win this race just for that," he vowed.

At the pistol, Jim was off to a perfect start. His body swung into the rhythm of the Ameriean six beat crawl. Swimming

his own race, he had no eye for his opponent.

* * * * *

How sweet to chronicle the winning of the race for our Jim. Thus the jeering yokels are transformed to seekers-after-beauty, true poets, when they see the marvelous change wrought in Jim. But alas! Superior Ability conquers Poetry, and when Jim breathlessly reaches the finish, there is the mocking face of Bill, leering down at him.

Anthony O'Donnell, '32.

Under Hawaiian Skies

Murmuring waves lap on the shore,
Mocking sea-gulls as they soar;
Serenading from afar—
Luring strains of a guitar.

Whispering palms conceal the moon,
Shining o'er the blue lagoon;
Snowy clouds show here and there,
Floating in the balmy air.

Starlit waters glitter bright,
Rippling in the pale moonlight;
Dusky maidens—dreamy eyes—
Underneath Hawaiian skies.

Frances Pielka, '32.

The Maples

Blurred and blending, gliding, whirling,
Desend the leaves in Fall.
Twirling, twisting, not resisting,
They leave the fiery ball.

Both vivid and pale, on hill, in dale.
There stand some maples sending
Down their leaves with the autumn breeze
Gladly—perhaps pretending.

Hugo Frederickson, '31.

Art for Art's Sake

Despite the fact that the whole country felt the slump in business Mayor Clayne managed to appear prosperous. Of course his wheat crop had failed as had others, but Mayor Clayne was proud, too proud to let his family know that he was practically bankrupt. He was a "starving

artist" of the first degree, the "art for art's sake" degree. "If I must starve, I'll starve with the nonchalance of a true artist," was the attitude of Mayor Clayne.

In decided contrast was the attitude of Mayor Clayne's daughter. When *her* pecuniary resources were exhausted, she

complained; and she spared neither time nor effort in finding opportunities for this complaining. If tired of spending her own money, she found keen enjoyment in helping others spend theirs. This was Jinty's idea of a "good Samaritan" act. Another idea characteristic of Jinty was that being bored was as essential in life as eating, although her indulgences in each were far from proportionate.

For instance, she knew that the young man who was to be her companion that evening would suggest every inane form of entertainment in his attempt to please her. She knew that she would provoke him almost beyond endurance with her stoical lack of enthusiasm. She knew the most effective inflections for a bored "Yes" or "No," the exact intonation of an indifferent "If you'd like to" or "I don't care." Capable of appearing bored without appearing rude, Jinty has acquired the "soi-disant sang-froid" of society.

"Anything special you want to do tonight, Jenny Belle?" (Orville Brown always used her full name. It was the one thing she liked about him.)

"Whatever you'd like, Orville."

"I had thought of going to the roof garden of one of the hotels in Detroit."

"Oh, lovely," she managed to express disappointment.

"If you'd rather not," he suggested.

"I'd like to, only I was thinking—I've been to them so often. Would you mind so much if we didn't go?"

Orville had found that it didn't pay to have a supply of suggestions at hand. They were always rejected in much the same way. Previous occasions had taught him the value of silence.

"Orville, I don't *want* to go there," protested Jinty with a hint of wounded vanity. "I want to—"

"Oh, there really is something you want to do!"

"You don't have to speak like that!" Jinty was surprised and confused. Could Orville be peeved?

"I'm sorry," he flatly apologized.

The road seemed the only thing to watch. She wondered, were the headlights turned off, if they could see by the moon. Then she forgot the road and watched the moon as it seemed to shift positions in the sky when they turned from one direction to another. Direction, that was it. Where were they going?

"Orville, I'd rather not just drive around."

"We're going to visit a friend of mine in Detroit."

"Interesting?"

"He's a starving artist of the first degree."

"A starving artist!" Orville marvelled at the way Jinty enthused. "A real one?" "Does he live in a garret and wear smocks and everything?"

"He lived in a garret and on nerves in Paris for over two years."

"Why, he must be as thin and as haggard looking as the ones you read of."

"Books aren't written about artists like Chet. He's ideal."

"How romantic," interposed Jinty.

"But," Orville continued, "he came over here with his wife's family—"

"And of course that isn't ideal."

"With his wife's family which was very wealthy but has lost its fortune in the last crash of the stock market." Orville went on with the impatience of an interrupted guide on a "rubber-neck" tour. "Now he and Marge are trying to make a go of it by themselves. But business in the field of art is bad, and they're having a hard time."

"He can't live in a garret if he's married.

His wife would object if she were accustomed to having money."

"You'd object, but Marge is a good sport."

"Not insinuating, of course—"

"Well anyway they *don't* live in a garret."

"What is there then about him that is characteristic of artists? He doesn't paint, he doesn't live in a garret—"

"And he doesn't eat," finished Orville. "Funny, but the finest artists are starving. Inspiration, that 'inner feeling' must come from having an empty stomach."

"Something can be said for the good, old Quaker ideas, after all!"

"He has no such thing as a conscience to guide his footsteps, though."

What Jinty first noticed about him as she entered the house reminded her of this remark. It seemed to her that if he had a conscience which could guide his steps he would need something more material to step on. The fact that his shoes were held together by the shine was a very promising sign to Jinty: He might after all meet her requirements for an artist. Indeed she was quite delighted to find his suit worn in so many places.

"Have a cigarette?" Orville passed his case to Chet.

"You'd better hold the case yourself. My pack gave out this morning and I have eight cents on my checking account. You might miss the contents. Thanks, old man."

"Maybe you boys would like to talk business," Jinty suggested. "If Mrs. Kingsley is willing, I'd love to look around; they have an adorable little apartment."

"While you're in the kitchen, Marge, you might fix up a 'hand-out'."

"Sorry, dear, it won't be much," Marge called back as they left the room, "we're

not stocked up. You know," she turned and explained to Jinty, "we starving artists must live up to our names. We can't afford not to!"

Jinty was on the verge of asking how much they really ate a day, but she couldn't find words to express the question tastefully enough. If they didn't have a thing in the house to eat, and had only eight cents in the bank, what would they do for food or money? And how long would it last? Oh, there were so many things she wondered about. Were they really starving artists?

Jinty succeeded in exclaiming sweetly, "It's just darling," at everything, until Marge showed her several specimens of Chet's work. Then she cried, "Why, it is good!" with such genuine surprise that Marge overlooked the tastelessness of the remark.

"I'd love to have him do mine!" Jinty said, "I'm going to ask him how soon it can be done."

"We'll go through the kitchen. You can see it, before you ask him."

Jinty had been so jarred by the sudden realization that Chet *was* a real artist, that she forgot her original intention—to gain access to the kitchen, pantry and ice-box. She wanted definite proof of the fact that they were starving.

"You don't mind if I make myself some ice water?" she smiled at Marge and walked to the ice-box.

"Chet's going to the drug store in a second for ginger ale. Then we'll have a painter's special!" Marge started getting out cheese, crackers, liverwurst, salomi and olives. Turning to Jinty she asked, "Would you mind getting the lettuce, tomatoes and mayonaise from the refrigerator? We'll have a salad plate, and the men can make sandwiches if they want. Chet will, he loves rye bread."

Jinty gazed at the laden shelves in the pantry and ice-box. They were as well stocked as those in her home. This "starving artist" wasn't starving at all, that is, as far as Jinty's illusion was concerned. That he was out of work, that the rent was five months overdue, that the furniture might not be theirs—the next day—these facts didn't phase her a bit. The sordid reality of the eight cent checking balance definitely confirmed the statement that they *were* "starving art-

ists," in every figurative sense of the word. But for all of Orville's explanations, Jinty couldn't see it that way. Jinty didn't believe in "art for art's sake." She was disillusioned, her idea of artistic temperament was smashed to the ground—she wanted "starving artists" literally starving. She was disappointed: her hope for an interesting evening was shattered—Jinty felt she was about to become profoundly bored.

Joe Bingham, '31.

The Day

The sun shone down upon the earth;
Its rays brought warmth and cheer;
The people worked with joy and mirth,
For day to them was dear.

Across the sky a shadow passed;
It covered up the sun;
And darkness fell o'er all the earth—
The people's day was done.

Dorothy Acton, '32.

Out of the Mist

The clock struck twelve. As the last chime died away, I weakly laid down my brush and gazed despairingly at the canvas on which I had been earnestly working. What I had intended for a peaceful sunset, more resembled a modernistic design with its sharp daubs of garish colors.

I hid my miserable attempt at a drawing beneath a gay looking Spanish shawl and took off my paint-soiled smock. With a wide brimmed Stetson pulled well down over my ears and a heavy top coat pulled up to meet it, I was prepared to meet the chilling dampness of an English fog.

As I stepped into the night, the fog seemed to envelope me and chill me to the bone. It settled over the entire city like a heavy blanket into which the huge buildings had almost vanished. The towers were a slight blurred outline

against the mist and blackness of the sky. Here and there an electric sign flashed on and off as it valiantly strove to shine through the mist. An occasional automobile loomed suddenly out of the whiteness and then seemed to be consumed again by this all enveloping pall.

I hurried along the sidewalk, my heels making a resounding click at each step I took. The street was practically deserted save for a few straying "night birds" who seemed to be returning in the best of spirits from some place of entertainment. All the stores were closed with the exception of a few restaurants that were still brightly lighted.

I turned into the alley-way that led to my rooming-house. I was hurrying along the street when, suddenly I stopped, arrested by the sound of loud and angry voices, a man's gruff, menacing tone and

the shrill, almost hysterical voice of a woman.

A tall, heavily-built man loomed unexpectedly out of the darkness and brushed past me. My sense of adventure aroused, I flattened myself against the wall, waiting for the appearance of the woman whose voice was a part of the little dialogue to which I was an unknown listener.

I heard quick footsteps and knew she was coming. She brushed by me, a slight figure in black, and I stood gazing at the retreating figure of the man. With a quick movement she pulled an object from the folds of her dress. Terrified at what I knew she contemplated, I sprang forward and caught her hand in mid-air.

I felt the cold steel of an automatic against my hand. She whirled about, faced me, her black-looking eyes like those of a trapped creature. With a cat-like movement, she wrenched her hand free of mine, turned, and retreated into the mist from which she had appeared.

I turned to follow, but stopped. I had played my role in the drama and the act was over. I continued my homeward way, thinking over the rapid events of the last few minutes. I had chosen art as my profession, but I am inclined to think story writing is much less difficult with so many strange incidents occurring in the night and with so many queer things happening in the fog. It should be easy to write a story—but is it?

Mary Hayes, '31.

Night

The stupefying heat of day is past;
The breeze revives the parched and panting earth;
The jaded trees and flowers raise their heads,
And deeply drink of cool refreshing dew.
The moon pervades the silence with a glow
That beautifies and softens all around;
While men are sleeping, all the weary earth
Recuperates, for still another day.

The night-birds wing their way across the sky,
With eyes alert in search of weaker prey:
When from the west a mighty roar is heard—
A plane, a man-made thing destroys the calm.
The roaring passes; all is calm again
And quiet holds its sway until the dawn.

Elizabeth Calder, '32.

Impressions of a Modern Party

Swaggering, nattily-dressed young men graced the several divans and easy chairs placed conveniently around the floor from which the rugs had been rolled for dancing. Their limbs were thrown carelessly and grotesquely over the arms of the chairs disclosing various sorts and

types—all beautiful—all of ivory white ankles around the bottom of which were draped in negligent fashion, dainty silk sox—sans garters. Their swagger, it might be seen, now closely approached a stagger, augmented as it was by the very liberal imbibing of bad liquor made

possible by the absence of their parents who were, no doubt, confirmed drys—"Never touched a drop, etc."—except on very special and extraordinary occasions which occurred very seldom, ah yes, very, very seldom. The importance of these manly individuals was greatly increased by the presence of cigarettes which drooped lifelessly between the fore and second fingers, and the smoke from which poured without apparent effort and practically without cessation from nostrils and mouth. The look of boredom and lifeless unconcern registered on their faces would lead one to think that each was overcome with ennui which came naturally as a result of these associations; but I would venture to say that a forty-mule borax team could not have dragged one of these bored individuals from the cause of his apparent tedium.

As for the other sex, the beautiful sex, the lovely sex—they pranced around the polished floor with elephantine grace, dressed in high spike-heeled shoes and belts—with, perchance, a bit of atmospheric nothing here and there. From under carefully pruned eyebrows and from deep bluish hollows their eyes shone forth with stimulated brightness or wandered languidly about as the case might be. When fatigue compelled the dancing

dreams to seek refreshment in repose, the nearest divan was made use of and the presence of someone else was no impediment whatever. For that someone soon found the modernistic angles of the newcomer unbearable, that is in close quarters where they must literally be borne, and that if extrication was possible, evacuation must take place. Incidentally, of course, to further complete the ease of the resting beauty a scented, cork-tipped cigarette was lit and now, in perfect contentment, she blew (no my children, not bubbles) but smoke rings, emitted from beautifully shaped, feverish looking lips.

A third group of young men and maidens, who were neither dancing nor lounging, gathered in small groups and made facetious remarks which were laughed at with as much gusto as sugar plastered stomachs and nictoine lined lungs would permit.

Having delayed the home-going until after midnight the party broke up and all assured the hostess that they had had "the most wonderful time."

These impressions, my dear friends, will clearly show to you, I hope, how base and baseless are the deprecating remarks of those who slur the younger generation.

Everett Wilson, '31.

The Toll of the Desert

A vivid red ball sank slowly down into the west. Little red and orange darts blended with the already purpling sky. Weird shadows began to form as the last slanting rays of the sun threw their light on the scrubby cactus bushes of the western desert. Their shoots were like living arms with fingers seeming to reach out and grasp the golden sands which

spread out to the horizon as far as one could see.

Slowly from the shadow of one of the bushes, the form of a man seemed to materialize. He seemed to be dragging himself away from forces which would not let him go. His eyes were bloodshot and his skin dried and parched from the heat while his tongue was swollen until it was

almost too big for his mouth. He had the features of a young man but there were traces of gray hair around his temples. Why was this young man alone here on the desert?

In the fever tortured mind of this man thoughts were forming and disappearing. He saw the face of a girl—a beautiful girl with black wavy hair and ruby lips which seemed to taunt him. This vision seemed to bring hate to his face; his lips curled in a sneer and his eyes became cold and stern. So she would refuse to marry him because of his humble position as a ranch foreman. Well, he would show her. When he discovered the gold he was seeking he would return and act as she had acted towards him.

As he reached the other side of the sand dune his eyes alighted on a clear patch of ground where little silver ripples were playing. Water! He stumbled forward and fell on his knees to drink.

Sharply he straightened up and stared at the clear water. A bleached skull grinned sardonically up at him. Poison water!

Slowly this rover realized his fate. The only pool of water in the desert was poisoned. Poisoned! He did not realize the meaning of it at first. Then he uttered a scream. He was at the mercy of the unrelentless desert. Some hypnotic power drew his gaze to the sky. Three shadows could be seen swooping down. Buzzards awaiting his death! From every side he saw death approaching.

Suddenly the wanderer stiffened and fell over dead. The desert had taken its toll once again.

The dark shadows seemed to disappear from the sky giving way to myriads of stars. A silence spread over the vast desert and the lonely call of a coyote proclaimed the end of the day.

John O'Connell, '31.

Accomplishment

Last evening I laughed in the face of the sun,
And he hid his blond head as in shame;
And the earth was wet with the tears
that he shed—
Then I sorrowed, for I was to blame.

But he peeked thru the pillows of heavy,
gray clouds
Which he had been hiding below.
Oh, he peeked when I said I was sorry,
I was proud then—I'd caused a rainbow!
Joe Bingham, '31.

The Blackbird Pie

Characters

Head Cook—A person with pessimistic ideas.

The Maid—A person with an optimistic future.

Gilbert—A competent huntsman.

George—A competent huntsman.

Feather—Parlour maid.

Heather—Parlour maid.

The Queen—Whose main delight is in eating honey.

The King—Whose recreation is beheading people.

The Councilor—King's advisor.

Poet Laureate.

Two Trumpeters.

Guests.

Scene: A palace garden or courtyard.

Time: Early eighteenth century.

(Curtain rises on Head Cook dressed in white cap and smock. He is seated on steps holding head in his hands in an attitude of utter despair. The maid enters and seeing him, pauses.)

Maid: "Well, Cooky, what is the matter?"

Cook: "Oh, why did I ever take this job? Tell me that!"

Maid: "I'm sure I don't know. I've often wondered myself. Yet tell me, what has happened?"

Cook: "Quite enough, I assure you. Today is their Majesties' wedding anniversary."

Maid: "Don't I know it! Look at that extra laundry."

Cook: "If I had only laundry to worry about, I'd be as happy as a king."

Maid: "But he can't prevent the Queen from being happy so long as she has her honey. I never saw anyone with such an appetite for honey. But you haven't told me what's troubling you. Has Her Majesty demanded some new kind of honey dish and found you without ideas?"

Cook: "Worse than that. You know today is their Majesties' anniversary?"

Maid: "So you said before."

Cook: "Don't interrupt. They've been married four and twenty years, and His Majesty has ordered a pie made of four and twenty blackbirds, one for each year of their married life, you know—"

Maid: "Yes, yes, go on."

Cook: "And it's to be so constructed that when it's opened the blackbirds will pop up their heads and begin to sing."

Maid: "Well, what's the difficulty?"

Cook: "How in the world am I to make a pie like that? I can't bake the blackbirds alive. And—"

Maid: "Cooky, all you need is a little

more imagination. Why, call a couple of the king's huntsmen and while they are hunting the blackbirds, bake a crust and have it ready when they return."

Cook: "I'll do it!" (calling) "Ho, Gilbert—Ho, George, hunt four and twenty blackbirds and hurry. I must have them within an hour." (Gilbert and George leave very hurriedly. Enter Heather and Feather and arrange furniture. They work quietly for a minute. Suddenly Feather starts nervously and looks around.)

Heather: "What's the matter?"

Feather: "Nothing. Nerves, I guess."

Heather: "Well, anyone would have nerves staying around this place. A new beheading almost every day. Even the people are getting angry and are beginning to rise in revolt."

Feather: "Hush! If anyone hears you—"

Heather (cowering): "Yes! Yes!"

(Enter Queen. Maids jump up, courtesy, and exit. Enter Gilbert.)

Gilbert: "Your honey tarts, Your Majesty."

Queen: "Bring them to me." (After sampling one or two, Queen's face takes on pleased expression. Enter King holding crown in one hand and sock in other.)

King (waving sock around): "Look at that sock! Hung up by the toe to dry and all out of shape. The laundry maid will be beheaded for this."

Queen: "Oh dear, please don't behead her. Give her some other punishment."

King: "But I have already pronounced sentence."

Queen: "Ah! But your command wasn't legal."

King: "Not legal! What do you mean?"

Queen: "Your Majesty didn't have the crown on your head. So you may take back the sentence."

King (with ill-concealed anger): "All right, all right." (Steps up to headsman and speaks a few words.)

Queen: "You are merciful at times, aren't you?" (Their Majesties depart from stage. Enter Feather and Heather and begin setting banquet table. Enter Gilbert.)

Gilbert: "Fetch the laundry maid. There is some laundry to be taken away."

Heather: "Oh dear, we can't fetch her. Her nose is off, you know. She hung the King's sock up wrong."

Gilbert and Heather (in unison): "Oh! Oh!" (All three exit from stage.)

Scene II

(Two hours have elapsed. Scene is in the banquet hall of the King. King arises and pronounces short speech. All applaud and hail their Majesties.)

King: "Before opening the main banquet I have a surprise for you." (Claps hands and Cook enters looking very nervous and holding aloft an enormous pie.)

King: "Delay no longer! On with the banquet!" (All bend forward as King folds back crust of pie. Instantly the stage is filled with bird calls. All applaud greatly. Amid applause a greatly agitated Herald runs in.)

King: "Speak, minion!"

Herald: "The people are rising in revolt, Your Majesty. Even now they are battering at the gates. Cutting off the laundry maid's nose was the last blow."

King (turning to Councilor): "Advise me! What shall I do?"

Councilor (after a minute of deep thought): "Why, tell them one of the blackbirds escaped from the pie and flying through the garden nipped off the maid's nose." (Great applause and flourish of trumpets is heard amid which Poet Laureate comes to centre of stage and reads:)

"Sing a song of sixpence
A pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing
Wasn't that a dainty dish,
To set before the King?"

The King was in his counting-house
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the parlour
Eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes;
Along came a blackbird
And nipped off her nose."

Olive Maxner, '32.

Incidental

From the front page of the "New York Times" the headline, "Strange Fate of Gangsters" stood out in ominous black print. It was a strange fate, strange indeed for gangsters. The police had been giving these three special attention for years, but recently their escapades had taken on an even more dangerous aspect.

And now, how did the "Times" express it? "Destiny takes undue credit."

The three old maids who were discussing this article, which covered the most conspicuous part of the paper, were driving along the coast road, "United States and New Jersey, Route One," to the summer residence of the eldest. It

was a log cabin, well back in the woods, but near enough to the shore so that one could smell the salt and feel the tang of the sea in the air. Miss Rosabelle Allen was proud of her lodge, the exemplification of her hobby. She was a clever woman with child-like faith; gullible too, for hadn't the promoter of this scheme, "Log Cabin Club Resort" made a pretty penny in his dealings with her?

Miss Ida McAllister was telling her hostess that the crossing where the gangsters' car was hit was just around the bend, about two hundred yards out on the straightaway. It was queer that the last of the trio, Miss Katherine Cameron should reach for the door then. She wasn't superstitious, but she was subject to premonitions which, oddly enough, invariably came true.

"My, Katherine," Miss Rosabelle remonstrated in her high treble, "you frighten me."

"You know, I had the most uncanny feeling that we were going to have an—"

"Nonsense!" interposed Miss Ida, realizing that Miss Rosabelle's nervous temperament must not be aroused before they came to that spot. "We'll have driven over it in a few moments and then you'll see how silly all this—"

"Yes, Katherine," the high treble cut in, "when we go around this bend you'll see how impossible it is to have an accident there."

Miss Ida supplied the reason, "The tracks come right across the open fields and meet the road almost at right angles.

I can't imagine anyone being hit here. If they were going slow"—and she paused to read the twenty-five on the speedometer—"as they turned here, they must have seen the train."

"I don't see why," Miss Katherine changed the subject from cause to effect, "I don't see why they should get so much publicity. Imagine our names being smeared all over the front page if we had been in their shoes then. Why is it people unworthy of mention get so much attention?"

"Now as we turn here," Miss Ida neglected to answer the question and resumed her interrupted theme, "let's see how it could possibly have been. The paper says they were doing 'fifty.' Go a little faster, Rosabelle. The train was coming from the east. That would be out of those corn fields on the right. 'As they reached the tracks, the train came rushing on them. If they had not slackened their speed, they could have made the farther side in safety, reads the 'Times.' Here's the tracks. Put on the brakes, Rosabelle."

But she didn't obey soon enough. The brakes took hold as she went onto the tracks, not before she touched them. The warning screech of the engineer's whistle was the last sound they heard—a salute to the dead, as it were. It was queer how that happened. And in an obscure corner of the "New York Times" was a notice of the death of three women, a notice to the effect that they were killed as their car crashed into a train. Just a notice—incidental.

Joe Bingham, '31.

Nature's Gems

Yesterday—walking, looking upward
Toward leaves of brilliant colors,
Sharply carved gold and rubies

Set against the sapphire sky.
Tonight—stepping carefully
Among those fragile fallen gems.

Rebecca Reid, '31.

Grass Drill

The golden disk burns in the sky
 ("Lord how that sweat gets in my eye!")
 Now front, now back, now front again—
 Why this would kill ten thousand men.
 Dull thud of body 'gainst the earth
 Makes equal those of highest birth
 With men sprung straight from street and
 gutter.

We writhe, we twist—we curse and
 sputter;
 Sputum-soaked earth massages our faces.
 Now up again, running, a horse in the
 traces—
 Front! our bellies bounce as we spill—
 H——! Will we ever finish grass drill?

Everett Wilson, '31.

Midnight Marauders

Pete woke with a start! He must have dozed! But wait—something had roused him! What was it? Most likely "the kids" had come back. Well he mustn't let them know he had been such a fool as to fall asleep. He shifted his position in the dark touring car. Then it was that he saw what had made him wake so abruptly. It was not "the kids" returning as he had supposed, but the gentleman in front of whose house they had parked.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but you can't park here without your lights on. It doesn't look right."

"I'm sorry, too," said Pete, "but I can't oblige you by having the lights put on because we had a short circuit and it blew out the fuse. My friends have gone to the nearest garage and I'm here to take care of the car."

"A likely story," exclaimed the man hotly, whom Pete could now see had grey hair and was middle aged, "Move on or I'll call the police!"

Pete knew he was in a jam; they could not afford to waste time explaining anything at a Police Station since it was necessary that they catch the boat to Canada that night. Before he could answer, however, Bill and Duke appeared with the mechanic. Matters were

explained all round. The elderly gentleman recognized, so he thought, the man from the local garage.

As an apology, he invited the boys in to get something to eat, while the lights were being fixed. They accepted and when they were contentedly munching on sandwiches in Mr. Rhodes' library, he had a chance to tell them why he had been so suspicious of the car.

It seems that there were many fine estates in that section, his being one of the largest and most pleasant. For two weeks now there had been burglaries made at several of them. The owners were becoming very angry at the ease with which valuable articles disappeared. It was believed that they were being taken by a bunch of young fellows who operated separately at different homes and met later to divide the spoils.

The boys listened attentively and were more than a little sympathetic. They explained that they were on their way to college and since they were college boys Mr. Rhodes thought they would be interested in some valuable old manuscripts he had collected. He left the room in order to get these. Duke also left the room but he returned before the host did.

A while later, a loud blast from the motor horn signified that the work of

the mechanic had been completed. The boys promised that they would return sometime in the future. Duke went out to the mechanic while Pete took an especially fond farewell of his host. Bill lingered behind for a moment hating to leave the luxury and comfort of it all, and then took a hurried leave. A moment later and the high powered car was under way.

A half hour passed before Mr. Rhodes returned to the library. He started to take out his watch but no watch was forthcoming. He felt in all his pockets and then came to the realization that his wallet was gone. Oh, that fond parting between Pete and him!

His next concern was for his manuscripts. The finest were gone, and in a flash, he understood the reluctant hanging back of Bill.

The discovery of the empty silver-drawer which Duke had plundered was the last straw.

He phoned the garage for the mechanic but his effort was futile because he was informed that no mechanic had been sent out that night.

Once more "the kids" Pete, Duke, Bill, and Bob, had been successful in their plundering of the neighborhood.

Catherine Moloney, '31.

October Sketches

The hills are bright with maples—
But down on the level land,
The leaves are rustling in the wind,
As dry and brown as sand.

The skies are grey with shifting clouds,
And oft the cold winds blow,
And in the early morn the frost
Is like a dream of snow.

The birds in dim wavering lines,
Are winging towards the sun;
And all the withered flowers
Proclaim the summer done.

The squirrels scamper here and there,
Their supply of nuts to gain;
And through the sharp autumnal air,
Rings the Harvest's glad refrain.

Alice E. Kasparas, '31.

A Conquest of Hatred

It was a typical June day, the kind about which poets try to write. The sun, in the blue sky, looked down on green pastures and tinkling brooks. Here and there clumps of pine and cedar trees showed up green, contrasting with the golden yellow of ripening grain and drying hay. In fact, everything seemed serene. Beside the river, which flowed seaward through the valley, could be seen a strip of white, resembling a ribbon.

This strip of white was the San Quentin turnpike which wended its way, in all about seventy miles, from the city of Houston to San Quentin, Texas. Thirty miles from Houston on this San Quentin turnpike loomed up the gray sinister bulk of the Woodworth County Prison. The prison looked out of place in its surroundings. On all sides of it, the valley lay basking in the sun. The prison spoiled the scenery. It stood there and

represented the law, in cold unflinching granite.

This was the scene which the laboring band of convicts saw, when they paused and looked up from their work of widening the highway. The construction gang numbered forty-four men from all positions in life, who were serving their sentences for the crimes which they had committed. Strange to say, the majority of the men were not surly or grievous. They were content to serve their sentences and to wait for the time to come when they could go out into the world free.

Convict No. 1336 plied his shovel with more vigor and swore viciously under his breath. He was small in stature, and a stranger passing by could undoubtedly tell that he was a Spaniard because of his dark skin and flashing black eyes. His name was Jose Castello and he was called "the kid" by the members of the gang of cut-throats to which he belonged. "The kid's" past was very pitiful. Having been brought to America by his parents when he was very young, he had been left an orphan at the age of fifteen. He had fallen in with bad company, and as one thing led to another, the result was his present prison sentence.

As "the kid" sweated in the hot sun, a smile flickered at his lips and he spat in the direction of a huge hulking convict, working a few yards away. Today was his day. In a few hours he would get even with that elephant-like Russian, the dirty dog. So deep was his emotion, he trembled all over. He had waited a long time for his chance and now it had come. No more would he endure the blows and laughter of his tormentor, the Russian. Ever since he had started his prison sentence, he had been an object of abuse. The Russian had kicked him

until his body was black and blue. Why had he done all these things? Why had he picked on poor Jose every time the guard had been looking away? Because "the kid" had become a favorite with the guard. "The kid's" life in prison had been bearable before the Russian had come, but now it had become unbearable.

After staying awake nights thinking, he had at last found a plan. By secret means, his friends had smuggled to him a keen edged stiletto. The knife would settle the matter. What did he care if he was caught and was hanged? The big Russian would be dead also, and he would be satisfied. Today at noon, he and the Russian would be sent to a little spring, about fifty yards away, to get some water. The rest of the prisoners would be resting in the shade, and as the guard would watch them from the knoll, no fear of the two convicts escaping would be felt. As the Russian would lean over to scoop up some water, "the kid" would have his big moment. He would leap on to the Russian, and after killing him, he would run for it, into the woods. At any rate, the Russian would be found dead when the guards arrived, and that was the main thing. "The kid's" thoughts were interrupted by the guard, who ordered the men to stop work for dinner. As he had foreseen, the Russian and he were sent after the water. This pleased the Russian and he showed his pleasure by making the Spaniard carry the largest pail. As for Jose, himself, he would never forget that walk to the spring. He trembled so much, it was a wonder that the guard did not notice it.

Arriving at the spring, "the kid" drew his knife and hid it under his coat. He was nervous and he felt sick all over. It was not going to be so easy after all. At last, after what seemed hours of nervous

waiting to poor Jose Castello, the proposed victim bent over the spring. Through the rivulets of sweat, pouring down his face, "the kid" saw the broad back of his enemy. He raised his arm with the stiletto clenched tightly in his hand. Then, something broke inside of "the kid." He had a glimpse of sunny Spain and also of his parents. They had been honest. How could he kill anybody? He was Jose Castello who had never killed anybody before. He would forget the Russian and wait without a murmur until he was free! He would go to Spain and live like an honest man.

Coming back to the rest of the prisoners

with the water, "the kid" was called aside by his friend the guard.

"You know, Jose," he said, "I had a funny feeling as I was watching you and the Russian down at the spring. I thought that I saw you hold a knife over the Russian's back, as he bent down. I must have been dreaming."

"You sure were," said the kid, with a grin. "The Russian is my friend. He has taught me many things I'll never forget."

That night at the prison, "the kid" was surprised to find the superintendent waiting for him with a pardon from the Governor of Texas. It was his reward for being a good prisoner.

C. Russell Miller, '32.

Take a Chance

The Read-more Book Club had just closed its first business meeting of the year. This club, which held meetings weekly during the summer months, was one of the most peculiar of its kind. Its membership included people of all kinds, from young women of twenty years to the old men of the summer colony who had nothing to do but read. Why it was so popular was hard to say, but nearly everyone belonged to it. Since the only other club was the Manor Boat and Yacht Club, the Book Club had no rival for indoor amusements.

At this time, a description of a few of the members would be appropriate. First, there was the worthy president, Mr. Rupert Ballinger. His special line of reading was detective and mystery stories. One would think that he had had enough mysteries and trouble to clean up in his law business, but evidently he hadn't for he spent all his leisure hours reading those gruesome tales. The secretary, another important person, was Miss Rebecca Cole.

She was the old maid of the village, who, it was rumored, had read every novel and love story in the club library. Some gossips even said that she herself was writing a love story as the books she had read never came up to her ideal of the perfect romance. One other important member of the society was Mr. I. M. A. Spender who was an all year resident of the place and took care of the clubrooms. His name never failed to bring a smile to the villager's faces as it was well known that he was excused from paying his club dues by acting as caretaker of the club.

Now for the business meeting. Three years before this, the old yacht club had been purchased by the Read-more Book Club, but it had never been fixed up to suit all the members. Mr. Ballinger had stated that day that he wanted suggestions as to how money could be raised for the repainting of the clubhouse and the setting in of some new bookshelves. He had not got far with the suggestion, however, before he had started on his favorite

subject—mysteries. It happened, he said, that during the week he had been looking over some old papers of the Yacht Club and had found a little mystery that had greatly interested him. This concerned a check that had once been won in a race by a member of the Yacht Club. This check, the winner had made out to a concern which was to have fixed over that clubhouse in which the meeting was now being held. At this point in his discourse Miss Cole, the secretary, requested that the president please go on with the business of the meeting.

After much discussion, the following plan for raising money was adopted. The club was divided into three teams with Mr. Ballinger, Miss Cole and Mr. I. M. A. Spender as captains. Each team was to make as much money as it could for the repairs on the building within the next two weeks. The winning team would have the privilege of being the representatives of the club at a dinner, which the mayor of a neighboring city was giving to the reading societies.

What a hustle there was at Manor Beach during the two weeks after this announcement! Committees were busy scurrying around for subscriptions. Mr. Ballinger, working on his clue about the hidden check of the Yacht Club, had searched the building from roof to cellar.

He was unsuccessful, however, and he was obliged to join his committee in soliciting subscriptions from the townspeople. The night before the money was to be counted it was easily seen that the contest would be between the president and secretary of the club.

Up in the clubhouse, on this last night, was Mr. I. M. A. Spender putting around alone. He was very much ashamed. His committee had not been in the least successful. As he, the leader, had not given any money, his friends were not ready to do so, and now it was too late to make up for lost time. Now he was wandering around looking for a book to take his mind off his troubles.

Just as the caretaker was leaving for home, his eye happened to light on a book with the title "Take a Chance." Taking it from the shelf, he saw it was on yachting, and as he opened the pages out fell a piece of paper. He picked it up and then dropped it again in surprise. There at his feet was the lost check made out to the carpenter for \$1000 for fixing up the clubhouse. It is hardly necessary to say which team brought in the most money, or how ashamed Mr. Spender was when he had to report that his funds were secured by a mere chance, and not through any effort on his part.

Christine Tweddle, '31.

Her Dances Versus His Car

"I'll be ready in five minutes," promised Mary.

"Mmm, I know her five minutes. I'm willing to wager that she'll take about fifteen minutes before she's ready," grumbled Frank.

"Oh, I know she'll be ready before you realize it," said Margie.

"Listen! If she comes out of that house before fifteen minutes, I'll let you have the roadster until next Sunday. If she doesn't, you'll dance every dance with me Thursday night."

"I'll do it. Don't you come running around for your 'ding-ding' after I get it, either."

"Don't you worry about me, if you get it. By the way, there are not to be any cut-ins during Thursday evening."

"I'm timing Mary," John interrupted abruptly. "She's due in about three minutes."

While waiting for Mary, let's look at the three seated in Frank's roadster. John and Margie were seated in the rumble seat. John was a pleasant looking boy. Just then he was examining his watch with great care. Margie, looking on, was enjoying herself.

Frank, in the front seat, was sulking. He was thinking to himself that girls have ways of making a "guy" out of a fellow, "just for fun, don't you know."

A cheery shout awakened him from his reverie and with a gulp and a gasp he sat upright.

"Four and three-quarters minutes," bellowed John triumphantly.

Frank was speechless and he remained so, for quite a while. While throwing a package to Margie, Mary hopped into the front seat beside Frank.

"How did you do it?" he questioned.

"Do what?" exclaimed Mary.

"Why get ready in such a hurry," explained Frank. "I suppose you want the car now, Margie?"

"No, I'll wait till we get to the club," said Margie in her sweetest tones.

This, however, only irritated Frank, who started his car and practically jerked it out of White Street. While riding, the wager was explained to Mary who screamed with laughter.

They arrived at the Club and John and Mary immediately went to the pool. Margie and Frank remained near the car for a few moments. She took from him his keys, registration, and the rest of his good humor. Quite soon the news of the rash "bet" had spread around to the Club

members who unmercifully "kidded" Frank about it. After a while, his humor came back to him and he began to see the more humorous side of the situation.

At the dance Thursday, Margie wouldn't dance with Frank. During the next to the last dance Margie sent one of her friends to talk with him. Feeling his way around cautiously Donald remarked, "Nice crowd, eh what?" (He heard only grunts that sounded as though a "Big Chief, Sitting Bull" had been talking to himself.) He enlarged on the topic by mentioning couples. Then he said casually, "Don't you think Margie Sumners looks lonesome sitting over there by herself?"

"If she's alone, it'll be the first time," said Frank.

"She seems to be looking for someone," said Donald, making preparations for a hasty exit.

"What?" exclaimed Frank becoming quite interested. "She probably wants to know how to change the mirror in my car."

"Well, why don't you go and tell her. Better still, make her dance with you and then tell her," said Donald.

"Tell her what?" exploded Frank, but his conversational friend was already near the orchestra pit talking to somebody else.

Frank debated with himself for a short while. Suddenly, he made a "bee-line" for the place where Margie was seated. She started to walk away from him. He reached her side and with several motions had started to dance with her. Neither spoke while they were dancing. Margie was waiting for Frank to say something and he was waiting for her usually frequent remarks.

Since Sunday, Margie had had a wonderful time driving around with Frank's

car. She realized that he really needed it but she wasn't quite ready for surrender. When the second encore had ended, Margie felt herself being piloted across the floor. She cleared her throat as they left the dance hall. She said, "Frank, you may have your car tonight if you want it." He didn't say anything. They walked across the grounds until they reached his roadster. Margie got in without a word

and put the key in the lock. Before she had a chance to get out again, Frank had started the car.

After a while, she snuggled up to him and murmured, "It wasn't quite fair of me to take your car. Mary had been ready for quite a while before you came." He turned around and looked at her. But, at this it seems discreet to "ring down the curtain."

Valma Rasanen, '31.

The Adventures of John Doe

John Doe was quite a scientist,
He had some fine ideas
Of wiping out the nations—
I'll tell the tale, my dears.

It seems that John had quite a grudge
Against the King of France:
The King had kicked him out of court
And kicked him in the pants.

So John Doe went to Russia
And argued with the Czar,
Who threw a bomb at our poor John
And had him boiled in tar.

So then in Sunny Italy
Our John Doe met "Il Duce."
He throttled John with both his hands—
"Twas worse than any noose.

When next we find John Doe again,
It is in southern Greece
The Ruler had John's ears cut off
Because John killed his geese.

Poor John traversed all Europe.
Yet nowhere could he stay,
Until he landed on the shores
Of the good old U. S. A.

By this time John was really filled
With anger and with ire;
From 'twixt his lips fierce curses flew—
Dread, menacing, and dire!

John vowed he would exterminate
Duce, Ruler, King, and Czar,—
Would blow them off this happy earth
Into some land afar!

So John went down into his lab
And worked a day and night,
Then weeks, and months, and even years.
His lab was sure a sight!

John Doe had made a Death Machine
Containing bulbs and wires,
Some tubes, a big electroscope
All filled with purple fires!

John crept out in the still of night,
When all were snug in bed,
To blow his foes to smithereens—
IT BLEW JOHN UP INSTEAD!

John Payne, '31.

The Holiday Spirit

A boy walks up and down the room,
And o'er his face is spread such gloom
That he sees not the holiday,
For homework mars Columbus Day;
For him, this world contains no joy,
I'm sure of this, cause I'm that boy.

These words are written in despair;
I bite my nails, I pull my hair;
But this grey mood now turns to hope
And after all, I'm not a "dope"
For mine is of the chosen lot
Of papers marked, "For Arguenot."

Franklin Pierce, '31.

Reflections of a Drummer

Rhythm—what a simple word! Yet, what significance it has to people on the dance-floor, and to the orchestra leader.

I was playing my animated, lovable, percussion instrument with the orchestra the other night, struggling to hold the many dancers to the measured beat. It was a task, to keep all the couples in a step harmonizing with the fox-trot or waltz tempo. They seemed to have an aversion to it. Why? I don't know.

The party, "Fall Bounce" so-called, so reminded me of life itself that I just couldn't help making comparisons as I played. The pairs on the dance floor were symbolic of many human lives. The outstanding example, was a couple perfectly matched, even to the tint of their hair. Their impulsive steps coincided beautifully with the barbaric beat of the tom-toms. This pair of terpischorians seemed to "cover ground" more rapidly than others. This was undoubtedly because they kept in tune, or rather time, with the governing body in this case, the orchestra.

Then there were two people dancing in circles in the corner. They were younger and probably not so experienced. To cover up their lack of knowledge, they laughed and joked in an over-emphasized manner, falling all over themselves because they lacked concentration in con-

quering the unconquerable. (We'll let them stay there awhile. They would anyway.)

Another couple, reminded me strongly of the previous one, they simply could not "get together" on the step. I do compliment them, and congratulate them, however, for trying. These two, the boy, short, and his partner quite tall and awkward, would pause often to listen for the syncopated rhythm, then go on, tripping and blushing. Although they needed a change in partners they were still on their feet when the music ceased.

In the center of the floor were a pair of contented blondes. Their step was slow, half as fast as I beat it. Considering the floor space they used, a pantry would have sufficed as a ball room. But they were happy, probably humming "What a Peach of a Pair We'd Make." There was harmony in the dance, and the girl had perfected the art of following the one partner. Although this couple will never "set the world on fire" with accomplishments, they will live in a little white house with green blinds, and a long green front lawn bordered with a white picket fence. It will be a haven of happiness to them.

Last, was the ambitious couple that had only recently graduated from dancing school. These two were "stepping out."

The boy had spent most of the hour and a half allowed for dressing, in getting in the last secret practice before the mirror. This was a big night for him.

As we had a "three measure break," followed by a rhapsodic effect, I looked about. The couple, first mentioned, kept up their smooth, graceful dancing, undisturbed. They understood. The pair we left in the corner tumbling all over themselves, had taken their last fall. They sat upright on the floor, gazing about open-mouthed. The "Mutt and Jeff" partnership stopped still, looked around,

and started dancing as we finished the break. The contented, middle-floor blondes held their feet as if glued to the floor, but swayed from the hips with the original rhythm. The dancing school "grads" lost all control of themselves. It was nearly half a chorus after the break when they gained equilibrium enough to go on with the "right and left, slide."

After reading over these reflections, am I justified for allowing my mind to take this philosophical turn, or should I have paid strict attention to the music?

Herbert LaForest Newman, '31.

Inspiration

Thomas Mann sat on the edge of his bed gazing out of the window into the fog. His thoughts went back to such a day as this three years ago, when he had become so discouraged at not having any of his work accepted, that he didn't even feel like going out in the fog with his completed picture, only to return with it again. But he had gone out, groping his way along, for he could barely see one foot in front of him, when he collided with someone coming in the opposite direction, and the picture slipped from his grasp to the ground. The two stood talking together until the fog lifted, and then to his surprise the man asked to see the picture, which had become unwrapped when it fell. The man had turned out to be a connoisseur of pictures and had accepted it at once.

Since then things had not gone on very smoothly for him, for he seemed to have had no desire to do more work; but work he must if he expected to live. After many more trials, another picture was accepted and then he had married. He had been married two years now and

was barely making enough to support his wife, himself and his young son, who was three months old. The future of his son depended upon his success; he must succeed or—he hardly dared think of that.

Thomas dressed, and took all his artist material into the child's room and started to paint a picture of his son. With renewed hopes and increased courage, he worked steadily on—and the child was beautiful—so spiritual, that he was inspired by it.

Each day as he worked, the canvas seemed to become more and more alive until finally the sweetness of the child's expression seemed to shine right out from the picture. He seemed to have pushed aside the curtain, that befogs the human consciousness and he seemed to peer in at the undying realities of being—he had glimpsed the real and eternal.

Is there any wonder that such a picture won for him crowns and laurels, took the people by storm and placed him in their hearts as a sympathetic artist of great renown—one who understood humanity.

Can you imagine the joy of the parents in knowing now, that the future of their son was secure. They would teach him, however, that happiness was not the

result of wealth but the result of a love and sympathy for others. Had not poverty proved this to Thomas? Indeed, he would now appreciate his prosperity.

Alice B. Albridge, '31.

The Reward

Zoom! Boom! Crackle! Great clouds of smoke rolled upwards. A cavernous opening emitted blistering liquids, which gushed down the mountain side. The earth trembled. The folk of Catania knelt in prayer.

The extinct volcano had suddenly erupted. The peaceful town, which had lain in the foothills of Mount Consula for centuries, was suddenly turned into bedlam. Farmers deserted their hitherto carefully worked gardens to rush to their homes. Frightened mothers dashed hither and yon in search of their precious children. Half-crazed animals broke from their halters and fled.

But they, poor creatures, escaped no easier than the bewildered inhabitants. The angry monster grew more furious and belched forth larger clouds of smoke and hotter lava. As the flames licked their hungry way down the monster's sides, fires sprang up. The distressed people gazed in horror at the scene about them.

As they ran farther away from the menace, they could discern the enemy coming closer. Suddenly one anguished mother cried, "My child! My son!"

After much entreaty the others of the group learned that the ten-year-old crippled son of Marie Siovanni was not present.

"Should we sacrifice our lives for the life of just one other?" queried the coward, Suila. "He is better dead."

"Fie on thee!" shouted the Catanians. "May God forgive thee!"

But, as the men looked at each other, there was not one who volunteered to return for the boy. None, did I say? There was one.

A shy lad of nineteen, a newcomer to the village, stepped forward and announced that he would return to the settlement and bring back the absent one safely.

Therewith, he dashed back to the deserted houses. The homeless families watched him until he was hidden by the smoke. But, they did not watch long, for this same smoke soon advanced upon them, and they were obliged to hurry on.

Anxiety clutched at all hearts. Would the unknown benefactor return safely? Would God guide him?

To relieve their fear, the refugees knelt in prayer.

Meanwhile the lad struggled blindly on through the smoke to the house in which the little boy lay. Fear had gripped his little heart, for he knew that Death was at his door. But God did not see fit to take him, for a form appeared in the small room's opening, an unfamiliar form, but it looked friendly.

The Lad knelt at the side of Marie's son. "Can you walk?" he panted.

"Yes, a little bit."

"Place your arms around my neck."

The command was followed and the two left the room.

At the end of the road, when deliverance seemed possible, a sudden torrent of hissing, bubbling, foaming lava rushed across their path. Escape?

The Lad suddenly remembered the North Road. It meant probable escape but a longer journey. It was the only solution.

Just as the two reached the North Road, another rumble thundered through the air. Catania was no more.

The Lad prayed fervently as he trudged along with his burden. He thought of his baby brother, whom he had often carried in this same manner.

Those were happy days! Yes, they were happy until he had reached the age of eighteen when he was obliged to leave his home. He held no grudges against his father, though. Was it not he who had taught him the trade by which he now lived? The years of apprenticeship in his father's carpentry shop were suddenly recalled. These pleasant memories served to cheer his spirits and his step quickened.

Two long hours after he had first left the refugees, the Lad returned to them.

The mother threw herself on her son's rescuer. Tears of happiness welled from

her eyes. The others joined with her in her thanks, all but Suila. He stood sullenly at one side.

The Lad was showered with gifts, but they failed to impress him, for those few moments of memories had aroused pangs of homesickness.

Suila caught the lad in one of his brooding moments and cried distastefully, "So, the hero is not happy!"

The Lad's memories were again awakened by the tone of the speaker's voice. He looked up from his stool and gazed at Suila. For the first time, he recognized Suila.

"Suila!" he cried. "My brother!"

Suila's attitude dropped like a cloak as the two embraced.

"Forgive me, brother," implored Suila. I have trailed you everywhere. I confessed to Father that it was I, not you, who stole the money. He has forgiven everything and wants you to come home. Will you?"

The next morning, the cripple, Marie Siovanni, and all the villagers bade a happy, yet reluctant farewell to Gardo, the Lad.

His *real* reward had come. He would soon return home.

Florence Larson, '32.

A Letter from Arthur's Court

"My Dear Winifrieda,

Mother is sending a message to your mother so this will go by the same messenger.

I wish you might be here with me now. I know you would be as excited as I am over the jousts. They are to be held tomorrow and the two following days. Almost all of the knights are here already, however, and many have brought their ladies with them.

The ladies all have the most beautiful gowns. I think some are prettier even than your mother's, and you know hers are wonderful. Some of the knights' war-horses are very fierce, so fierce, indeed, that I tremble whenever I go too near them. Some of the girls are afraid to look at them.

The knights are all very handsome and distinguished in their shining armor and floating plumes. The pages with whom

we used to play and talk are all squires now. They go hurrying around, looking very important, or else sit polishing armor and boasting of when they will be knights. I heard that silly Hugh say he would be as great a knight as Sir Launcelot is or perhaps even better!

Sister Edith's favor is going to be worn in the tilts. It is a beautiful blue banner embroidered with silver and gold dragons. It is truly beautiful.

Every evening now the knights gather in the great banquet hall, with huge back-logs burning in the enormous fire-places. The light casts a ruddy glow over the faces of the knights and the polished shields catch the dancing lights

and reflect them. The squires and pages are allowed in the hall to listen to the men tell of great deeds and battles. Then they call in a minstrel to sing and play for them. So the evenings pass quickly. Often times we can hear the singing and music from the hall.

Oh, there is such a great deal more I could tell you about the beauty and the splendor all around, but Mother says I must finish this letter if it is to go with hers. I know the boys would all join me in wishing you could be here, if they weren't so busy boasting.

From your loving friend,

Gwynedd."

Ruth LeRoy, '33.

The Life of a Reporter

A reporter's life is something more than free tickets to the football games, or the World Series. It is quite heartbreaking, sometimes, and we all have our "blue days." When I first came, and was known as a cub reporter, I had a good many of these "blue" days.

My first assignment was to write a description of a fire. My supposedly best paragraph read something like this:

"The roaring flames stretched fiery arms to the azure, blue, sky, destroying the beautiful mansion of Mr. James Muthall." Imagine my disappointment and chagrin when all that appeared in the paper was:

"The home of Mr. James Muthall was destroyed by a serious fire, Thursday morning."

However, I soon learned and my first personal interview left me quite conceited, until I was informed that the man was quite used to "green" reporters, and so they were usually sent to him first.

My first real assignment took me to the docks of Boston where I was scheduled to meet a wealthy merchant. On the way to the train I met three other reporters, from various papers, who were after the same story. On the way to the dock we were delayed about half an hour. When we finally did arrive, we were directed to a small steam launch and together we sailed to the steamer on which the merchant was coming. We reached the boat just as she was leaving. We watched, dumbfounded, from a small steam launch. I begged and pleaded with the captain until he consented to chase the fast disappearing steamer. After a few minutes of futile chasing even I, was satisfied to return to the dock.

On returning, I ordered a cab and ordered the driver to speed to the next dock for I had learned that the boat would stop there for fuel. I reached the dock in time, and, much to the embarrassment of the other reporters, who had

not come along, I was the only one to get the interview. This experience initiated me to the rank of "regular" reporter.

A few more assignments took away almost all of the thrill of writing, but no true reporter ever entirely loses the lust of writing.

Vivian Hansen, '33.

Fall

Shorter days,
Falling leaves,
Chilly wind,
Murmuring pines—
The fall!

School days,
Football games,
Hallowe'en parties,
Happy days—
The fall.

Cold nights,
Harvest moon,
Bright stars—
The fall!

Annie Anderson, '31.

The Tale of William Grimes

Bill Grimes was walking down the road from Catsville on a wet and black night. Occasionally cars with bright lights would pass, and Bill would look bitterly after them until they disappeared. Bill looked after the cars with this expression because he was disappointed.

It was two years after the war. Everybody was settling down to their former peaceful lives. Bill had come home from France ready to become a good citizen of Catsville. Before Bill had left Catsville he had been one of the "gang." It was the "gang" that had painted red, the nose of Everett's statue, that stood in the square. Other pranks were laid to the "gang," too. All of the "gang" were gone now except Bill.

Bill had arrived in Catsville that afternoon. He had come in on the freight cars. From the railroad he walked down Main Street. Mrs. Adams had looked at him blankly, elevated her nose, and

walked on. Bill's greeting froze on his tongue. All the fellows at the corner, where he used to loaf about, looked childish. Other people who were familiar seemed very busy as they passed Bill with unseeing eyes. Bill went into a doorway. His expression covered his hurt feelings. He was going to look everyone over before he was seen. He wasn't going to give them the chance to snub him again. Was it because of the scars on his face that they professed not to know him? No, that couldn't be it.

So Bill puzzled, hurt, and disappointed started on the road from town.

An automobile which had unusually noisy occupants was racing down the hill. Bill saw blinding lights, heard screams, and—

Three days later I read the facts of William Grimes' death and funeral in the "Catsville Scratch."

A body had been found on the Cats-

ville road. A cowardly "hit and run" driver, who was still free, had been the cause of his death. By papers and medals on his body the town had found that the victim was William Grimes. The town claimed William Grimes as her "hero." His body lay in state for two days. All the town passed before the flag covered bier and honored its "hero." The largest funeral following ever seen in Cats County went to the old graveyard. Over

William Grimes' grave, town officials paid high tributes to him. Grimes' honorary medals were placed on exhibition. The town honored William Grimes as they had never honored anyone before.

Bill Grimes, as a weary traveler and ex-soldier, with nothing to offer, was shunned. William Grimes, in death, with medals which told of his courageous deeds was *their* hero.

Esther Maher, '31.

Sparks

Bright sparks shooting out from the side
of the boat,
Hissing when hitting the water;
Bright sparks showing red on the densely
black lake,
In which was reflected the dipper.

Bright sparks shooting up, as on Fourth
of July,
When rockets and candles blaze forth,
Lighting the foam at the side of the boat,
Caused by the paddle wheel's churning.

Ruth Lovelace, '32.

Hidden Dangers

As told by a Member of the Crew

One cold dreary night found the steamer Robert E. Lee, well on its way to New York. The heavy fog drifting in great clouds around the ship left its cabins and decks covered with moisture, and its pilots peering through the darkness and staring tirelessly at the compass to keep the ship on a true course.

Up forward the strains of familiar dance tunes kept the passengers gliding to and fro, carefree and happy. Down the port side a lady's high pitched voice rang merrily to the tune of "Ramona;" while, from further aft came loud exclamations of men at their favorite poker game. Gliding swiftly along through the murky night, the ship shuddered now and then as it rolled.

Suddenly, came a cry—"Put it hard a-port!"—"Put it hard a-port!" Chains

clanged as the quartermaster spun the wheel in the pilot-house, but it was too late. A sickening crash greeted the now silent passengers. The boat rocked violently sideways, began to right itself, then remained still as it rested on a bed of rocks. Cries and screams of fright arose from the women who thought it was the end.

A wireless call was sent out and an answer was received from the coast guard station ten miles away. They quickly responded to the cry for help. Passengers on the lower decks were hustled up above as the water sought its level. The only foods saved were coffee and ice cream and these were distributed to the tired, hungry passengers during the long night while they waited their rescue by the gallant coast guardsmen.

Bernard Monbouquette, '31.

All in a Night's Work

The men in Company "A" were particularly disgruntled. Men that lived only for excitement were in that company. Those men were noted especially for their courage and their bulldog tenacity for sticking to their orders until either themselves or their adversaries were shot down.

For months now, they had had no active service. Scouts had been sent out to scan the horizon for balloons and to locate enemy planes. Evidently, if the men wanted to fight, this was not the place.

One of the men who was particularly discontented and restless was Barry Burke. "The life of the company," was the name given him in that liveliest group of lively men. Many a time he had been in serious trouble through his efforts to amuse his comrades. But, as he was a favorite with all the officers except one surly fellow, Smith, who was disliked by all the men, he was generally pardoned.

Smith, for some unaccountable reason, was "down" on Barry. At every chance that came his way—and there were many—Barry was "picked on." The men, of course, sympathized with him, but—officers are officers, and privates are privates, and never the twain shall meet.

Then came a day and night that will never be forgotten by that ace of companies—Company "A." To begin with, the day was gloomy. The sky was overcast. A heavy downpour the night before made walking about in the heavy army shoes an exercise to be avoided.

The men were affected by the dreariness. They sat dejectedly around the fire in the dining-room, or the "mess-hall" as they called it, listening moodily

to the half-hearted attempts of Barry to cheer them up.

Suddenly, some one burst into the room in a tremendous hurry, and rushed through into "Headquarters," as the men called the captain's office.

As if by magic, the men perked up and began talking hurriedly among themselves.

"Who was that?" Barry asked. "I wasn't near enough to see his face."

"That was Montgomery, the best scout of the whole regiment," somebody answered.

"He must have some mighty good news, I take it," remarked another.

"Yeh, Montgomery doesn't usually let his emotions run away with him."

Soon after, the scout rushed out again, followed by the captain, who, however, stopped long enough to issue these orders before rushing out of the room, too.

"See that your planes are in good condition, that you have plenty of ammunition aboard, and be ready for flying orders at any moment. Enemy planes are around!"

"Yes, sir!" they said, respectfully touching their foreheads. Then they ran off to their tents and planes.

Some time later, the captain again spoke to them.

"You men had better turn in right after supper and rest. We have a good night's job ahead of us."

"Yes, sir!" the men saluted.

In Barry's tent, silence reigned. Neither he nor his room-mate cared to talk. They got their things in readiness for a sudden call, and retired.

Barry's sleep was fitful and disturbed by dreams. He saw his mother's face flit before his eyes, followed by a dim

recollection of his father, who had died when he was but a lad of six; his two brothers next appeared; and then the vision of his younger sister who seemed to be shedding tears over some Toys. Those toys—where had he seen them before? Oh, yes, they were his. There was the woolly lamb his grandfather had given him on his fourth birthday; a jumping-jack that had been especially dear to him; his picture-books and puzzles; his football and his baseball bats of later years; succeeded by his tennis rackets and golf clubs. But his sister—why was she crying? Oh, yes, he remembered now. He was dead, shot down by a German war ace. All this drifted before his eyes. His sleep suddenly cleared and he dreamed no more . . .

Barry awoke with a start. What was that, that had wakened him? Again the shout came.

"Company A get ready for flight! Enemy planes!"

Barry stumbled over to his clothes, donned them, and ran out, followed by his room-mate.

"Come on, there, lazy bones!" the stentorian voice of Lt. Smith roared at him. Barry was busily engaged in rubbing open his eyes, as he ran.

"Yes, sir!" he mumbled as he ran toward his plane.

"Enemy planes—enemy planes—enemy planes!" The words were drummed into his consciousness.

Fully awake now, a certain fierce joy seized him. At last he would engage in real service.

"'Enemy planes.' Those are welcome words to me!" thought Barry, as he climbed into his waiting cockpit.

One after another, the word "contact" was shouted by pilots to their mechanics. One after another, the planes rose from

the ground and swung into formation. The bright light of the landing beacon caught them for one instant, and then away into the darkness went the planes, their pilots alert and ready for adventure.

"I wonder where those planes are," Barry thought as he busied himself with the controls.

The next instant, the tail light of the plane in front of him veered to the left.

"Well! Where are we goin'?" he soliloquized. He soon found out.

Into Barry's thoughts, there crept the roar of a foreign plane. It disturbed him.

"That's a darned funny sound," he muttered. "If I didn't know we weren't any where near them, I'd say it was an enemy plane. Coming from behind, too!"

The planes were rising higher. Automatically, he pushed the stick down until he was on a level with the plane in front.

Again his attention wandered from the controls to the strange engine behind him. His was the last plane on that side of the formation, and his would be the first to go down.

A daring thought came to him. He'd leave the formation and face the enemy plane. He was sure it was an enemy plane, now.

Barry swung around, snapped on his powerful searchlight, made sure there was enough gasoline in the tank, and looked to his machine gun ammunition.

"I'd rather die fighting face-to-face," he thought grimly, "than be shot down from behind with no show at all,—if I've got to die."

Suddenly, he spotted the plane. It had evidently been pursuing him, while he circled, looking for it.

He opened the throttle, pushed down the stick, and rose in a screaming arc. Then he swooped down upon the enemy,

and turned the searchlight full on the body, looking for the large, dark cross. He found it.

Startlingly quick, the German plane turned and spat liquid fire into the belly of Barry's ship. And just as quickly, Barry slid away from his antagonist and gave it a return dose of ammunition. One of the struts was shot away at that broadside.

The enemy ship made a graceful, downward curve, and then shot up to crash into Barry. However, Barry's plane easily averted the other, and then wrought more havoc among the struts.

The left wing of Barry's plane was gradually crumbling under the fusillade of bullets.

He turned the searchlight full on the enemy plane, opened the throttle still further, and poured little leaden messengers of Death into the cockpit of the other plane. One of the little messengers bored through the gasoline tank and ignited the fuel.

The plane went hurtling downward, zigzagging crazily in the air, weaving gruesome patterns with the planes in the blackness of the night.

"Poor fellow!" thought Barry. "Well, it was either he or Barry Burke, and I'd rather it were the enemy than Burke of Company A."

He looked to his controls. Plenty of fuel left, the engine was roaring without a break;—only half of his left wing remained. The plane was tipping to the right.

Barry put on more speed and the right wing lifted slightly. Then, hastening away in the direction his companions had taken, he looked about him. Far away in the east, a rosy light was showing. Dawn!

The darkness had lifted somewhat, and Barry could discern a few black mounds on the ground, which he decided was a village.

Just then came a pause in the engine. Just an instant's pause, but very noticeable. Alarmed, Barry looked at the dials on the control-board. The gasoline tank was nearly empty!

"How is that?" he thought. "It was nearly full a little while ago. There must be a leak some where."

Even as he watched, the indicator crept downward.

"I'll see if I can glide down." He cut off the engine. But the right wing refused to stay up. Down went the plane, making circles and grotesque designs as it turned over and over nearing the ground.

The ground! It was astonishingly near, thought Barry, dizzily.

"Funny, very funny," was his last thought as he crashed.

* * * * *

When the sun finally rose in all its glory, its golden beams shone upon the mangled remains of Barry's plane, and his own distorted, anguished face that was never again to see the sun rise on earth.

Alice Bentley, '32.

Female "Orators"

Perhaps the most enjoyable period of all our hard, tiresome school week is the English class on Friday. It is then we

may sit back and relax, sit back and be amused by the discomfort of certain unfortunate individuals. Of course, if we

are among those that have the terrible task of speaking before the class, things are not so rosy.

When a boy speaks, he is either good, or no good, but as to girls—ah! now, we have the story.

As a rule on Friday morning we hear three very different types of female "orators." We all know the first of these: she talks in a loud, clear, commanding voice; she looks right through a person with a defiant glare; her "oration" is usually short and to the point—no beating around the bush. Her work done, she walks briskly down the aisle to her seat with a self-satisfied expression.

The second type is one very familiar to all who have ever heard girls speak. This is little (though not always so) "Miss Timid." "Miss Timid" usually chooses a very interesting subject that we all would like to hear about, but when she reaches the front of the room, for some reason unknown to the layman, her voice absolutely "passes out" to a mere inaudible whisper. Every member of the class lives through a terrific suspense as "Miss Timid" whispers her oral theme. When she finally seats herself, the awful ordeal over with, a huge sigh of relief escapes from the class.

"Miss Timid" has a twin sister, "Miss Hesitation." When "Miss Hesitation" speaks, we immediately enlarge our vocabularies by having certain words flung at us again and again till they are indelibly carved on our "small-capacity" brains. Though I have searched through Webster's unabridged, I have never been able to find the "words," "an," "an-er," "er," etc., yet they are everlastingly flying off the tip of "Miss Hesitation's" tongue. Her theme usually sounds memorized, and the delivery of it certainly

makes the class fidget. "Miss Hesitation" seems to have something the matter with her feet: she is continually staring down at them and shifting them into awkward positions. After a few hundred "an's" and "er's," "Miss Hesitation" finishes her theme, and reaches her seat, blushing like a ripe Baldwin, and often surpassing Old Sol in fiery redness. Here she sits worrying about her mark, and is often unable to do any recitation for a period or two.

The greatest "blues-chaser," however, is "Miss Giggles." How familiar she is to all of us. Somehow her topics always seem to be overflowing with humor; I do not know if it is that she chooses an extremely comical topic, or that she is so full of mirth that it can not be suppressed, but she certainly surpasses herself in "giving us a laugh." Though slow, "Miss Hesitation" finishes her theme in half the time that "Miss Giggles" takes. The latter's procedure is usually to stand before the class with a grin on her face, survey the "motley crew," and then gaze at some particular class-mate and giggle. The class-mate usually follows suit. But the most humorous part of this exhibition of mirth is to watch "Miss Giggles" try to keep a straight face. My typewriter stutters when I think of it.

Though the above facts are true, outside of school hours "Miss Timid's" voice may be heard "making the welkin ring," "Miss Hesitation" is a normally spoken school-girl, and our dear little playmate, "Miss Giggles" may be seen in a very serious mood, carrying home a couple of well-fingered volumes of Cicero.

Why is it that speaking before a group of people can bring about such a transformation? It must be a species of stage-fright known to us as "knocking-knees."

John Payne, '31.

Haste Makes Waste

"Ted! Hey, wait a minute."

Ted turned a dour face toward his friend, Fatty, who had suddenly appeared in the corridor. The fat boy cheerfully slapped Ted on the back.

"Never mind, old top," he said, "yours truly has had an inspiration. Imagine Alexander Reginald Jones in the role of rescuing angel."

The boys belonged to a society, and they had been appointed to find a novel way of bringing to a climax an outdoor hike. Up to this time, they had not thought of any way in which this could be done.

Fatty suggested his plan in the softest of whispers. "Listen," he said, "you know old Judge Harper. Well, I was talking to him this afternoon and he told me that I could burn his old maple house. You know, that shack in which he makes his maple sugar. He said something else about it but I didn't have time to listen. The shack's not far from the old mill road, and it's awfully spooky."

During Fatty's enthusiastic recital the despairing expression had been leaving Ted's face. When he finished, the two friends went happily away, arm in arm, making plans.

The great day arrived, and, in happy anticipation, the boys waited for darkness. It was one of those mild nights that sometimes comes in spring. The crowd started on their merry rampage. Ted and Fatty stole ahead of the rest and saturated the roof of the shack with kerosene. The door was closely barred. Ted wondered at this when he thought there was

nothing of value inside. Just then, the rest came up, and Ted, while lighting the taper, forgot about the strangeness of the locked door.

Bits of paper were distributed among the boys on which they were to write their names and the time they supposed the shack required to burn.

Fatty held the watch, Ted started the fire and it crackled menacingly. Just as the fire, fun and excitement was at its height, a man came running into their midst dressed in a red night-cap and an overcoat. The boys recognized him as Judge Harper.

"Where are they?" he cried. Consternation was written on his face as he saw the surprised look Fatty gave Ted.

"The maple sugar and kettles that I told you to take out of the sugar house before you burned it," he explained.

Perspiration was running down Fatty's face as he faltered, "I—I didn't h-hear you s-say to take the sh-sugar out."

"Why—why that sugar was worth fifty dollars," Judge Harper spluttered.

A silence fell on the group and fire, hikes, and watches were forgotten as they disconsolately surveyed the ruins.

They were all quiet enough with the exception of the Judge who enlarged upon the cost and excellency of the sugar that had been destroyed.

The next day Ted and Fatty were again discussing ways and means, but this time they were trying to find a way of earning money to pay for the results of the disaster, wrought by Fatty's haste.

Marion MacGillivray, '31.

I often sit and wonder why the Sophomores

—Are smaller each year?

—Insist on having the front seats in assembly?

—Are afraid to bring back their trays?

On Reading the Titles in the Back of the English Book

To be able to write seems to be a necessity these days. In view of this fact our teachers often desire, ask, or demand that we try our literary abilities. It so happens that we are lucky enough to have an appendix in our English book containing a number of possible titles.

While searching for an "inspiration" among the titles, I became greatly amused at some of them. Some gave me the desire to write, while others were quickly passed by.

Think of the piece of literature that would come from a son of sunny Italy upon his seeing the title, "The Art of Eating Spaghetti." Then, "Telephone

Numbers" could easily make some of the budding geniuses in my class burst forth into full glory.

The title, "Next," seemed to suggest more to me than any of the others. For instance, think of the different connotations of the word: first, when heard in a barber shop, and second, when heard in a dentist's waiting room. In the first case it means joy to the person who has been waiting and waiting for his turn, but in the second case—oh, well, we all know about dentists.

Though I did not get my title and subject from that list, I certainly found an "inspiration."

John Payne, '31.

The Glorious Sea

Oh, how I love the sea!
The rollicking, rolling sea!
The sea at night, the sea at dawn!
The sea in the midst of a raging storm—
The sea! The sea! The sea!

Oh, how I love the sea!
The billowing, wintry sea!
The sea in a blizzard, the sea in a fog—
The sea that pounds a shipwreck log—
The sea! The sea! The sea!

Oh, how I love the sea,
The translucent, noonday sea!
The sea in August, the sea in May—
The sea that eases all cares away—
The sea! The sea! The sea!

Frances Probert, '32.

The New Teachers

The Norwood Senior High School began, after a summer vacation, with seven new teachers added to the faculty. Evidence of this fact was apparent on the first day, when practically seven classes started out of their home-rooms at the sounding of the warning bell for the first period. The seven teachers, being "green"

in the routine of the high school, had allowed the students to file out, after being prompted by many "hems" and "haws" from the anxious class. Why the students should want to file out at the warning bell is not readily understood by an outsider, but after becoming acquainted with the school life, he would soon realize

that being dismissed at the warning bell is just one more way of "putting it over" on a new teacher. Of course, after the first day, the new teachers were much wiser and not many classes were walking along the corridors ahead of time.

In the home-rooms the new teachers were greeted with plenty of advice from the students. They were told very sincerely, meanwhile accompanied by snickers from the class, that it was perfectly all right to whisper during the twenty minutes before classes. But most of the new teachers calmly told the class that there would be no whispering without permission as long as they were the teachers.

Of course, during the first week of

school there were many unpardonable errors made by the new teachers. For instance, Johnny Lovejoy was addressed with an effeminate "Mademoiselle" in French class. This mistake was due to the new teacher's mistaking his name for that of ~~Mary~~ Lovelace who sat next to him. *Ruth*

These mistakes on the part of the new teachers may be made during the first of the school year, but after several days, it is usually noticed by the students that the new teachers are acting like real veterans and that they have become "acclimated." These signs are noted at first with regret by the students, but after awhile the school routine goes on undisturbed.

C. Russell Miller, '32.

Count Zalzedo Cortez

Jane—A frivolous girl of nineteen.

Mrs. Neal—Her mother.

Mr. Neal—Her father.

Johnny Neal—Jane's brother.

Margie Neal—Jane's sister.

Aunt Henrietta—An aged maiden aunt.

Terry Daniels—A bond salesman.

Count Zalzedo Cortez—A Spanish Count.

Act I—Scene I

(Scene opens in the Neal home at 2.30 p. m. Mrs. Neal, her husband, Johnny, Margie and Aunt Henrietta are seated in the parlor. Every pair of eyes is turned toward the stairway. For a few minutes not a sound is heard. Suddenly Jane, dressed in an elaborate evening gown enters the parlor. Carefully all eyes scrutinize the lithe form before them. Aunt Henrietta as usual was the first to speak.)

Aunt Henrietta: "Well, Jane, your

mother surely is losing all her sense in allowing you to wear such a dress. Such a dress! My soul and body! What is this generation coming to?"

Mrs. Neal: "Why, Henrietta, it was the best dress Madame Lelong showed us. I don't think it is too extreme, do you, father?"

Mr. Neal (deeply engrossed in his newspaper): "Oh, no, no, anything you say, Clara."

Aunt Henrietta: "Well, I do! The very idea!"

Jane: "Oh, Mother, please let me wear it. I do love it so. Don't you think the color becomes me?"

Johnny (from behind a detective magazine): "Oh, oh, now I 'ask' you. Pretty 'ritzy,' huh?"

Mrs. Neal: "John!"

Johnny: "Yes, Mother."

Margie: "Say, when do I get a new

dress? I've worn my red one so long that it is threadbare."

Aunt Henrietta: "Marjorie, I do hope you will develop more sense than Jane has. You always were a bit more moderate. But time will tell!"

Mrs. Neal: "Well, now that you've all seen the dress, Jane might as well change it. Count Zalzedo Cortez will not arrive until six-thirty."

Jane (turning toward the stairway): "Oh, I'd 'love' to keep it on."

Act I—Scene II

Scene: six twenty-nine p. m. the same afternoon. All the family are dressed for the reception. Even Aunt Henrietta has donned her notable black taffeta that is worn only on state occasions.)

Jane (from behind an upstairs curtain): "Oh, I wish the Count would hurry. I'm getting terribly nervous and I don't dare move because I might tear this dress."

Margie: "Well, I wish he'd come too, but I'm not losing any weight over it. Don't worry, he'll come. Let's go downstairs with the rest. Come on."

(They go downstairs and enter the parlor in silence. The minutes pass with not a sound from any one. Suddenly Jane jumps to the window and in a loud whisper says:)

Jane: "Here he is. Oh, I'm so excited!"

Margie: "Where? Where?"

Jane: "Oh, he is so handsome. I've never dreamed a count could be so good-looking."

(The bell rings.)

Margie: "Oh, Mother, you answer it. I'm in no condition to receive him and neither is Jane."

Mrs. Neal: "Yes, I'll go." (She reaps-

pears with the handsome gentleman.) "Count Zalzedo Cortez, this is my family."

Young Man: "Yes, yes, but Mrs. Neal—"

Mrs. Neal: "Oh, yes, my dear Count!"

(She introduces him to each one. The count seems very much confused. Jane and Margie pay him undivided attention and are just getting acquainted when James the butler, announces dinner. Jane pauses to say to her Mother, as the others pass to the dining room:)

Jane: "Mother, did you seat him beside me?"

Mrs. Neal: "Why, of course, Jane."

Jane: "Oh, lovely!"

(Dinner is almost over and the Neals are finding the young Count a most quiet man. He acts bewildered when they speak to him. Aunt Henrietta looks at him with scorn, but Jane and Margie are very much interested. It is plainly seen that the Count's main interest is Jane, for he is endeavoring to keep a conversation with her when James enters much confused:)

James: "Mrs. Neal, there is a man outside who says he is the Count."

(Amazement appears on the faces of all and eyes are turned to the handsome young man who has found his voice and says:)

Young Man: "No, I'm not your Count Zalzedo Cortez. I've been trying to tell you, but you wouldn't permit me to. I'm Terry Daniels, a bond salesman for Stone and Webb Company. I came out here to see Mr. Neal. However, I've found it a very interesting visit." (Shy glance at Jane.)

The Curtain Falls

Frances Gillette, '32.

Foreign Language Department

Quand le Perroquet a Commencé

Ce n'est pas "le conte des deux villes," mais c'est un conte qui a lieu entre deux villes. Voici le conte:

Une très grande famille a décidé à se démenager à un autre village pour qu'ils soient près d'une famille de leurs parents. Le garçon-frère de cette famille a eu une vieille diligence qu'il conduit, et par conséquent la famille s'en est servis pour ce voyage. Toute la famille et les bagages étaient comblés dans la vieille diligence; c'est que le voyage a commencé.

Un frère, pas le garçon-frère, mais un qui est marié, et sa femme, ils ont pris le siège de devant. Les deux soeurs, non-mariées, sont assises au fond de la voiture. Entre eux était la mère avec ses deux petits-enfants. Il n'y avait pas beaucoup de place, (comme vous pouvez voir) et, par conséquent, le garçon-frère, celui qui possédait la diligence, était mis dehors. Quelle tragédie! Evincé de sa propre voiture! Placé sur l'impériale. Mais n'oubliez pas le papa, ce misérable, il s'est perché, avec les rênes des chevaux, au juchoir.

Le frère enfantin était si bourru qu'il les a raillés et il s'est lamenté de son sort toute la journée. Avec sa mauvaise humeur il a fait sentir déplaisant toutes

les personnes, et la journée s'est passée très désagréablement.

Après qu'il a eu mal de gorge par suite de parler à haute voix il a pensé qu'il laisserait parler pour lui le perroquet, qui était dans sa cage sur le sommet du bagage. Il a appris au perroquet, à voix basse, à parler toutes les choses qu'il a désirées que sa famille entendent. C'était un bel-esprit, ce perroquet. Il a appris très vite.

Quand le perroquet a commencé: "blank!—? blank!—?"

La Mère: "Mon Dieu, qui fait cela?"

Une soeur: "Qu'est-ce que c'est que cela?"

Les enfants: "Oo la, la! Maman!"

Le frère marié "Fermez la bouche, n'aïs!"

Le mari, que sa femme mène par le bout du nez s'est penché au côté et a dit, "Eh, bien, rendez-vous la pareille, n'est-ce pas?"

À la fin ils sont tombés d'accord, et le garçon-frère est donné une place dans sa voiture en retour, faire taire le perroquet. La reste du voyage il y avaît un silence tranquille.

Joe Bingham, '31.

Les Chandleiers de l'Eveque

C'étaït un homme, sans appareil, mal vêtu comme mendiant, qui se tenait debout dans le chemin. En effet, il avait été prisonnier pendant dix ans, et maintenant qu'il était délivré, et qu'il avait de l'argent, gagné en prison, il voulait acheter du logement et de la nourriture.

Parce qu'il avait été prisonnier, tous les gens de la ville refusaient de l'aider.

Tout à coup il se décida d'aller chez l'Évêque où on le reçut, lui donna un bon dîner et un lit. En mangeant, il vit deux chandeliers d'argent sur le buffet et se dit, "Si je les avais, j'obtiendrais

beaucoup d'argent et alors je pourrais acheter de la nourriture pour ma pauvre soeur et ses enfants."

Dans la nuit noire, il se leva lentement et prit les chandeliers, les mit dans un sac et sortit tranquillement de la maison.

Le lendemain matin, deux gardiens arrivèrent chez l'Évêque avec un homme qui portait un sac.

"Nous l'avons trouvé avec ces deux chandeliers auprès de votre maison. Il était prisonnier et nous croyons qu'il

vous les a volés, mais, il nous a dit que vous les lui aviez donnés. Que dites-vous, monsieur?"

"Je dis que cet homme a raison, que je les lui avais donnés vraiment, et que vous avez tort."

Les deux gardiens, étant sortis, l'Évêque dit à cet homme, "Gardez ces chandeliers et promettez-moi que vous serez toujours honnête et que vous ne ferez jamais de crime."

Gertrude Trask, '31.

Regarde le ciel si bleu
Je pense, et je veux
Un coeur comme le soleil
A faire la joie, quand je réveille.
Je vois un petit nuage tout blanc

Ah! pour une âme aussi pure, cependant
Pour les pensées si hautes
Je prie, courbant ma tête
A Dieu—dans le ciel bleu
"Aide moi être ainsi un peu."

Frances Farrelly, '31.

Quarante hommes et huit chevaux
En marchant vers Paris,

Crient et jettent leurs vieux chapeaux,
Car la guerre, c'est finie.

Joseph Collins, '31.

La France et les Etats-Unis

La France est une grande amie des États-Unis. Depuis le temps de la Révolution Américaine où le grand Général Lafayette aidait le Général Washington, le chef de l'armée américaine, les deux pays ont été les meilleurs amis.

Les deux pays sont des républiques. Le président de la république française est Monsieur Gaston Doumergue, et le président des États-Unis est Monsieur Herbert Hoover. La capitale de la France est la belle ville de Paris, et la capitale des États-Unis est la ville de Washington. La France a un grand nombre de dé-

partements qui sont très semblables aux états différents des États-Unis.

Pendant la Grande Guerre les États-Unis aidait la France à battre contre les allemands. Ils ont envoyé un grand nombre de soldats américains, et aussi ils ont envoyé beaucoup d'argent et de vaisseaux pour aider les peuples de la France. La France a beaucoup de reconnaissance pour le secours des peuples américains. Les pays sont devenus des amis. C'est une bonne chose et nous espérons que ce continuera dans l'avenir.

C. Russell Miller, '32.

La Alhambra

La Alhambra es un grupo famoso de edificios situado en Granada. El exterior de la Alhambra no es muy atractivo. Una vez era una de las residencias principales de España.

Ahora, la Alhambra está cerrada por una muralla alta con muchas torres. Dentro de las murallas están muchos jardines, el palacio de Carlos Quinto y el más importante de todos es el palacio moro que se llama la Alhambra.

Hay muchas salas famosas del palacio—el Patio de los Leones, el Patio de la Alberca, el Patio de Arrayanes, la Sala de los Abencerrajes y la Sala de los dos Hermanos.

La arquitectura de las salas y de los patios es magnífica y de la manera arábiga.

En el centro del Patio de Leones está una fuente celebrada y muy hermosa.

Elsa Gottberg, '32.

España

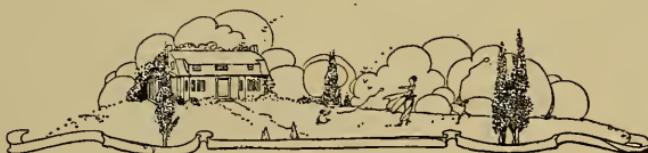
España está situada en la Península Ibérica. Esta península se halla en la extremidad sudoeste de Europa y por su tamaño es más grande que Francia y Suiza, y dos veces más grande que la Gran Bretaña. España tiene una población de veinte y dos millones y ocupa once trezavos de la Península Ibérica.

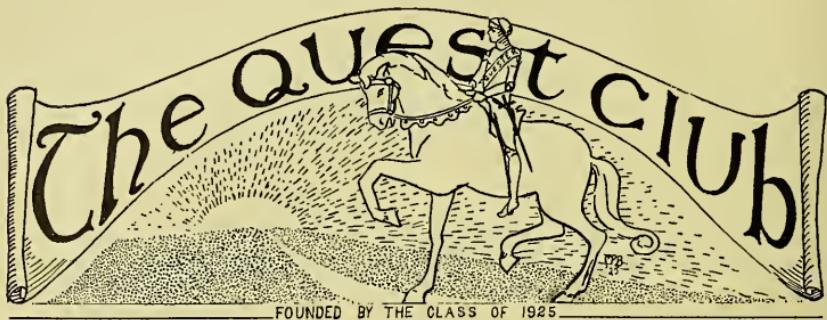
El Mar Cantábrico y los Pirineos limitan a España al norte; el Mediterráneo al este; el mismo mar, el Océano Atlántico, y el estrecho de Gibraltar al sur; y Portugal y el Atlántico al oeste.

La historia de España es muy interesante. Cristóbal Colón descubrió el Nuevo

Mundo para España en el año mil cuatrocientos noventa y dos. En el siglo diez y seis España fué el imperio más grande del mundo, y tenía muchas posesiones coloniales, pero por su mal gobierno perdió todas estas colonias. España es una monarquía constitucional que comprende cuarenta y nueve provincias. El país está gobernado por un rey con sus ministros y por el Senado y el Congreso de Diputados. Su literatura y su arte son de primera clase.

James Janushis, '31.





THE QUEST CLUB—

As in former years in this first issue of the "Arguenot" we are publishing our constitution and by-laws so that our new members may have a copy.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

Article I

Name

Section 1. The name of the organization shall be "The Quest Club" of the Norwood High School. Its members shall be called "The Questers."

Section 2. Whenever the caption "The Quest Club" shall appear in print it shall be followed by the words "Founded by the Class of 1925."

Article II

Purpose

The purpose of the Club shall be to foster and cultivate the appreciation of High School students for the best in all pursuits, and to further and broaden the education received in High School.

Article III

Officers

Section 1. The Officers of the Club shall consist of a President, a Corresponding Secretary, a Financial Secretary, a

Recording Secretary and a Faculty Councilor.

Section 2. The Executive Committee shall consist of the above named officers and four Representatives of each of the classes of the school.

Article IV

Election of Officers

Section 1. The President of the Club shall be a member of the Senior Class. The Corresponding Secretary shall be a member of the Senior Class. The Financial Secretary shall be a member of the Junior Class. The Recording Secretary shall be a member of the Sophomore Class. Of the four Representatives from each class two shall be girls and two shall be boys.

Section 2. All the above mentioned officers and representatives shall be elected by popular vote and shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are elected.

Section 3. The Faculty Councilor shall be appointed by the Principal of the High School.

Article V

Membership

Section 1. Any teacher or pupil of the Senior High School is eligible for membership in the Club.

Section 2. A person eligible for membership may become a member of the Club by signifying his desire to do so in writing.

Section 3. New members shall be admitted to the Club each school year from the opening of school until November fifteenth. After November fifteenth the membership list shall be closed until the following school year.

Section 4. A pupil entering the school after November fifteenth of any year may have all the privileges of membership in the Club until such time as the membership list is again open.

Article VI

Dues

There shall be no dues attached to membership.

Article VII

Meetings

Section 1. Meetings of the Executive Committee shall be held the first Wednesday of each month during the school year.

Section 2. Special meetings of the Executive Committee may be called by the President or any two other members of the Executive Committee.

Section 3. Meetings of the entire Club shall be called as occasions require by the President.

Section 4. Special Meetings of the entire Club shall be called by the President in response to a written request signed by five Questers.

Article VIII

Quorum

Section 1. At any meeting of the

Executive Committee nine members, at least seven of whom are students shall constitute a quorum.

Section 2. At any meeting of the entire Club one-third of the number of Questers, but not less than twenty-five shall constitute a quorum. At least one Faculty Quester shall be present.

Section 3. When less than a quorum is present at any meeting, no business shall be transacted except to adjourn to such time as a majority of those present shall determine.

Article IX

Voting

Whenever a question arises which must be decided by ballot, it shall be voted upon at a meeting of the Executive Committee and the result of the voting made public. If the result does not meet with the approval of Questers, any Club member may make a written request to the President for a popular vote. The request must be signed by ten members of the Club. In such case the first vote will be declared null and void, and the question shall be put to a vote of the entire Club.

Article X

Amendments

These By-Laws may be altered or amended at any legal meeting of the entire Quest Club by a two-thirds vote of those present, provided the proposed amendment has been previously passed by a two-thirds vote of the Executive Committee and further provided that the proposed amendment is approved by the Faculty Councilor.



School Activities

Back to the Grind

Well, here we are back to school prepared to do a good year's work. School opened on Tuesday morning, September 9, 1930, and the first assembly of the entire student body was held in the Gym. Mr. Archibald welcomed us back again and briefly outlined the activities for the present year. The assembly concluded with the singing of dear old "Norwood."

N. H. S. Rah! Rah!

Several peppy rallies have been held in the Gym, almost every Friday, for the practice of cheers and songs of the school. Helen Flynn has been in charge and has been assisted by five newly elected cheer leaders. The right spirit has been shown, and lively encouragement has been given to the "boys."

Senior Notes

The beginning of this school year has been a quiet one for the Seniors thus far. One matter which is of interest is the election of class officers.

The offices are filled as follows: Presi-

dent—Herbert Newman; Vice-President—Eleanor Jordan; Secretary—Mary Talbot; Boys' Treasurer—John O'Connell; Girls' Treasurer—Marie Kelley; Athletic Council Member—Raymond Halloran.

Junior Notes

With the exception of the election of class officers, no events have occurred to break the monotony of the regular curriculum routine. Much enthusiasm was displayed in the election. The results were as follows:—

President—Arthur Billingham; Vice-President—Ethel Havey; Secretary—Anthony O'Donnell; Girls' Treasurer—Helen Donovan; Boys' Treasurer—Francis Murphy; Member of A. A. Council—James Devine. The members of the

student council are Anthony O'Donnell, Mary Chaisson, Francis Feeney, Nellie Krusas, John Murphy, Hubert Eaton, James Devine and Frances Pielka.

We hope that under the guidance of such able officers we will have a year equally as successful as last year.

Sophomore Class Notes

We sophomores entered the Senior High School, this fall, for the second time and many of us came filled with grave misgivings and doubts. This feeling of apprehension was soon overcome and each day now we are becoming more accustomed to our surroundings. We all wish to thank the teachers, traffic officers and all those who in any way helped us to become acquainted.

At a sophomore meeting, Mr. Archibald told us something of the importance of making a good scholarship record and of the much coveted Scholarship Cup. We will have to put all of our energy into our work if we wish to win the Cup. We

do want it but we can get it only by doing our best work.

Many sophomores are planning to join the Quest Club and assist in its benevolent work. The Club affords its members many opportunities for recreation, in addition to the opportunities for helping others.

The class is well represented on the gridiron this year in Joe Dixon and Tom O'Donnell.

The sophomore officers elected are: President—Richard Baker; Vice-President—John Pendergast; Secretary—Agnes O'Kane; Boys' Treasurer—Paul Taylor; Girls' Treasurer—Mildred Rodgers; Athletic Council Member—William Milesky.

I Wonder What Would Happen If —

- Tom Mulvehill's supply of gum gave out?
- Joe Bingham didn't get her supply from him?
- John Bell stopped teasing the girls?
- Silvia Saarinen could distinguish one column of money from another in book-keeping?
- Leo McTernan wasn't so bashful?
- Marie Kelly didn't blush?
- Katherine Reardon didn't scowl when she did her homework?
- Margaret Mulvehill didn't get so excited over her history assignments?
- Bert Newman's pepsodent smile wasn't so apparent?
- Everett Wilson didn't mumble?
- Sonny Rogers didn't "kid" Leo Mc-

Ternan about where he was the night before?

—Ruth Pendergast lost some of her rosy, school-girl complexion?

—Frances Balduf didn't have a Tailspin Tommy?

—Ida Berezin didn't talk so much?

—Joe Stanewich grew taller?

—Eleanor Jordan lost her waves?

—Mike Pusateri didn't run campaigns?

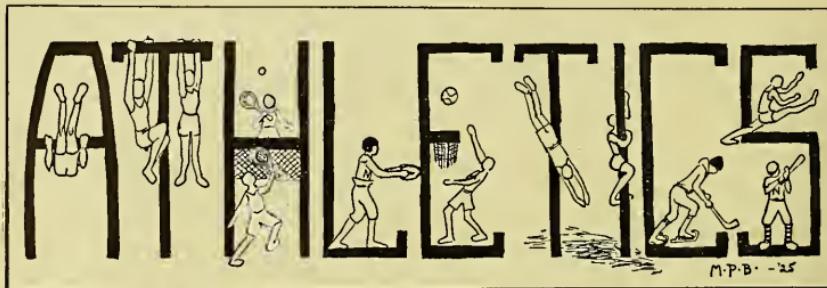
—Frances Farrelly didn't know her history?

—Ernest Spencer stopped writing essays?

—Agnes Alukas could give oral topics without giggling?

—Franklin Pierce couldn't find an argument?

—Everybody mentioned could take this as a joke?



Football

Norwood 13—Chelsea 0

Despite the very numerous predictions of defeat, Coach "Benny" Murray with the aid of Capt. Jim Devine pulled the Norwood High eleven through for their first victory. The dust which had in practices, coated the players, both externally and internally, was, previous to the game, laid down with water from a fire engine. It was a fine warm day—ideal for the spectators, but not so hot (that is, figuratively speaking) for the players. Norwood's line-up at the kick-off found "Yo Yo" Dixon and Billingham at ends, Spierdowis and Loakso at tackles, "Bud" Sustavige and "Tom" O'Donnell at guards and "Joe" Barrett playing center. In the backfield were Capt. Devine, fullback, "Irv." Slaney and "Mike" Pusateri, halfbacks and Leo McTernan at quarterback.

Upon receiving the kick-off, Chelsea proceeded immediately to march down the field. However, Norwood finally held, and late in the second quarter, a forward pass left Capt. Jim Devine's hands, to edge itself in the waiting arms of Leo McTernan who promptly slapped it down over Chelsea's goal line. Devine kicked the extra point.

In the third quarter, Norwood reversed the tricks on Chelsea, and advanced

almost to the goal-line with a series of forwards. Then, with some fine line bucking Devine carried the ball across for the second and last touchdown.

McTernan, the flashy quarterback, had cracked his wrist in the first half, and coming back for more in the second half hurt his shoulder so that he was removed. Capt. Devine was also removed because of a head injury. Mike Pusateri was forced to leave the game because of an injury to his leg which happened in the Norwood-Canton scrimmage. King, Zinkowski and Newman, therefore, saw service in the backfield and Massey, Vasilianskas, Abbot, O'Day and Waytekunas replaced the mudhorses in their respective positions toward the latter part of the game. With Dixon and Billingham still hauling down forwards, with "Tom" O'Donnell cultivating that habit of taking wandering, homeless footballs to his bosom, with Spierdowis searing them with his nose, and "Bud Dower" Sustavige searing them with his croaking, with Veikho Laakso still setting them down in the mud and "Joe" Barrett still fondling the pigskin at center, a good line should develop; and then steady, ground-gaining Capt. Jim, and hole-opening

"Micky" P; with the versatile Leo everywhere—well, why not?

Norwood 0—Woburn 6

There was the proverbial wailing and gnashing of teeth when Norwood dropped her second game to Woburn by one touchdown. A few shifts in the line-up had been made and the spectators saw "Yo Yo" Dixon playing in the backfield with Abbott taking his place at end. McTernan was playing halfbaek and Jack O'Day filled the berth at quarterbaek. Otherwise the line-up was the same as in the first game.

With the opening whistle, began a hard fought, see-saw type of game in which neither team advanced far before being stopped by their opponents. Captain Flaherty of Woburn got off several fine punts and starred as a line-bucker and defensive fullback. Capt. "Jim" Devine played his usual hard, line-bucking game and, as a result of this, was forced to give over his place to "Mike" Pusateri at the beginning of the second half.

Woburn's break came in the very last minutes of play when the grandstands had begun to empty. Capt. Flaherty intercepted a forward, and, with fine interference, carried the ball to within six inches of the goal. One more down was sufficient to put it over. The attempt for the extra point failed and the game ended with Norwood's first and, we believe, last defeat this season.

Norwood 0—Framingham 14

It's a tough game to tell about. For the first time in many, many years—in fact, the first time since the Norwood-Framingham game became an annual affair, Framingham walks off with a victory. With a hard-fighting, ground-gaining eleven Framingham marched right down to the shadow of our goal posts and a short, flat pass scored the first touchdown. They took the ball over the line with a line-buck for the extra point. This satisfied them in the first half. In the second half they scored their second and last touchdown. The extra point was made by a pass. Capt. Devine, the mainstay of the team saw little service because of a very bad knee.

Norwood 0—Weymouth 6

And this is a still tougher game about which to write. Not because it makes the third straight defeat but because it was an inferior team that beat a team better in almost every respect. After an uninterrupted march including several successive first downs, a pass was intercepted and carried approximately eighty yards for Weymouth's only touchdown. Their drop kick for the extra point failed. This is a reminder of the intercepted pass which gave Woburn her victory over Norwood. After both passes Norwood failed to "eover up" and left the opposing team with a clear field.



JOKES

"Teacher: "John use 'diadem' in a sentence."

John: "People who drink moonshine 'diadem' sight quicker than those that don't."

Exchange.

While translating, a student said, "And he sold a yard of meat."

Teacher: "Who ever heard of selling meat by yards?"

Student: "Sure, sausages!"

Exchange.

Heard in a conversation: "Although Joe Collins is laid up with one arm, he drives a car. I wonder if he could take a girl out, too?"

Mr. Woodbury: "What does 'x' signify?"

Hayes: "The unknown quantity."

Mr. Woodbury: "What does 'x²' signify?"

Hayes: "I don't know."

Mr. Woodbury: "Twice as much unknown, doesn't it?"

"What's the difference between a pill and a hill?"

Ans.: "A hill is hard to get up and a pill is hard to get down."

Exchange.

"Why is the letter 't' like an island?"

Ans.: "Because it is in the middle of water."

Exchange.

Freshie: "This train smokes a lot."

Senior: "Yeh, and choos a lot, too."

Exchange.

"What is ordinarily used as a conductor of electricity," asked the professor.

"Why—er," began the student at sea.

"Wire, correct. Now tell me, what is the unit of electricity power?"

"The what, sir?"

"Exactly, the watt. Very good. That will do."

Exchange.

Teacher: "The composition 'Our Dog' you have taken word for word from your brother's."

Johnny: "Well, teacher it was the same dog."

Exchange.

Professor: "What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

Student (examining shoes): "I'd shine 'em."

Exchange.

Teacher: "Abie use 'statue' in a sentence."

Abie: "When I came home last night, my father said 'statue' Abie."

Exchange.

J. Pacquette: "Is Thomas Elias in here?"

H. Flynn: "Who? Tonsilitis?"

Exchange.

Teacher: "Can you tell me the name of Noah's wife?"

Student (proudly): "Joan of Arc."

Exchange.

"Why is a game of tennis like a children's party?"

Ans.: "Cause there's always a racket."

Exchange.



At the beginning of a new phase of any form of work one always resolves to have the new project he is starting, better than it ever was previously. The Exchange Editors of the "Arguenot" are no exception to the general rule, and we have firmly resolved to have an Exchange Department this year that will be superior to any the magazine has ever had before.

This intention can be carried out only with the cooperation of the Exchange Editors of other magazines. We want to solicit your help, Exchange Editors, and offer our help to you. We are willing, and we are waiting for magazines to comment on this year. We shall be watching for return comments and suggestions from you.

Exchanges

"The Blue and Gold," M. H. S., Malden, Mass.—This paper is one of the most interesting that we receive. We certainly appreciate the regularity with which you send it to us. Your school seems to be so active, that we like to follow your activities in "The Blue and Gold." Let us hear from you again, please.

"The Pilgrim," Plymouth H. S., Plymouth, Mass.—Welcome to our exchange list for another year, Plymouth! It is always a joy to read such a complete and novel magazine. Your cover caused much favorable comment here at N. H. S. This

issue shows hard work in the foreign language and literary departments. Congrats!

"The Semaphore," S. H. S., Stoughton, Mass.—It's great to read such a full and unique publication. We can think of no critical comment to make on "The Semaphore."

"The Megunticook," C. H. S., Camden, Maine—Above everything else, your "cuts" and your joke department are very complete. Camden High School certainly appears to have an exceedingly active student body, which holds our interest very much. Shall we hear from you again?

With apologies to "The Semaphore" and to "The Megunticook" we publish these jokes. They are too good to keep to ourselves.

"He done me wrong" wailed the algebra problem as the freshman handed in his exam paper.

"Do you serve crabs here?"

"Yes, sir; we serve everybody, sit right down."

Heard in civics class at S. H. S.:
"What is the department of the interior?"

Bright freshman: "The Stomach."

Teacher: "What is a hole?"

Student: "A hole is nothing with something around it."

I never sausage heat. Yes, I'm nearly bacon.



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